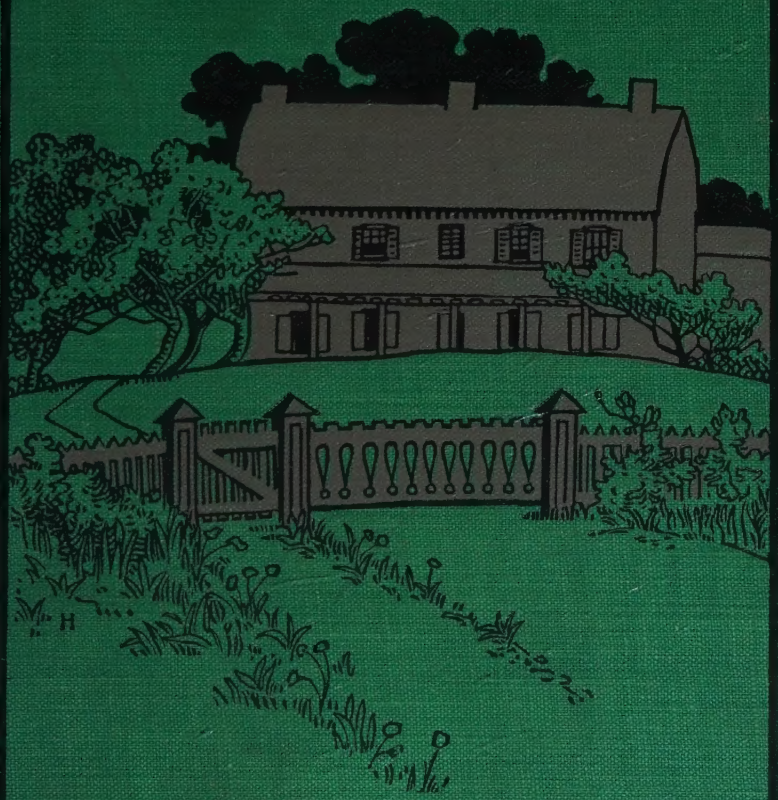

# RAMBLES IN COLONIAL BYWAYS

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

# Rambles in Colonial Byways

BY

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

*Illustrated from drawings*
By William Lincoln Hudson
*and from photographs*

Vol. I.

Philadelphia & London
J. B. Lippincott Company
1901

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TO

M. A. K.

# Author's Note

INTEREST in the colonial and Revolutionary periods grows and widens with each passing year. Should the present record of the writer's rambles in nooks and byways, rich in memories of the past, serve, even in modest measure, to quicken and foster this interest, I shall feel that the reward for my labors is an ample one.

It is proper to state that some of the chapters here brought together have appeared in part in *Lippincott's, Harper's Weekly,* the *New England Magazine,* and the *Churchman,* but all have been carefully revised and considerably expanded for use in this place. Since the one entitled "Three Groups of German Mystics" was written the Separatists of Zoar have ceased to exist as an organized society.

I desire to express my thanks to my long-time friend, Augustus S. Hooker, for suggestions and information which have been of the greatest value in the preparation of these volumes, and to two other good friends, William Lincoln Hudson and Lincoln Doty Brown, for the illustrations and photographs they have been kind enough to prepare for them.

R. R. W.

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# RAMBLES IN COLONIAL BYWAYS

## CHAPTER I

### TWO ATLANTIC ISLANDS

It is only a short hour's sail from Greenport on the mainland to the sea-girt domain of Gardiner's Island, set down, like a giant emerald on a woman's breast, in the centre of the wide bay that cuts deep into Long Island's eastern end, yet the journey carries one into another world, for Gardiner's Island was the first founded of the manors of colonial New York, and is the only one of them that has remained intact down to the present time. Not a foot of its soil has ever been owned by any save a Gardiner since it first passed from the possession of the Indians in 1639, nor have time and the years served to impair its quietude and seclusion. It still lies completely undisturbed in the busy track of commerce, a land quite out of reach of those modern aids to restlessness, the newspaper, the mail-bag, the railroad, the tele-

graph, and the hotel, where one is as completely severed from the rush and clamor of the thing men call civilization as one would be in mid-ocean, while wood and field and century-old manor-house peering out from its cosy nook, each helps to heighten the illusion of age and distance which the island imparts to the visitor, and makes potent and real the pleasing fancy that chance has wafted him for the moment to some placid feudal stronghold of the past.

A resolute, sturdy figure seen through the murk and mist of two hundred and sixty years is that of doughty Lion Gardiner, the first English settler in the province of New York and first lord of the manor of Gardiner's Island. The name of Lion well became this hardy warrior, whose fighting days began in the time of the first Charles, when he went from England to Holland to serve as lieutenant with the English allies under Lord Vere. There he married a Dutch lady, Mary Willemson, daughter of a "deurcant" in the town of Waerden, and became, so he tells us, "an engineer and master of

works of fortification in the legions of the Prince of Orange, in the Low Countries."

Gardiner might have lived out his days in Holland, but being a friend of the Puritans and of the Parliament, he was engaged in 1635 by Lord Say and Seal, with other nobles and gentry, to go to the new plantation of Connecticut, under John Winthrop, the younger, and to build a fort at the mouth of the river. With his wife he set sail in the "Bachelor," a barque of twenty-five tons burden, and was three months and ten days on the voyage from Gravesend to Boston, where he was induced to stay long enough to take charge of and complete the military works on Fort Hill,—those that Jocelyn described later on as mounted with "loud babbling guns."

Arrived at the mouth of the Connecticut, Gardiner proceeded to construct, amid the greatest difficulties, and with only a few men to aid him, a strong fort of hewn timber,—with ditch, drawbridge, palisade, and rampart,—to which he gave the name of Saybrook. This was the first stronghold erected in New England outside of Boston, and there

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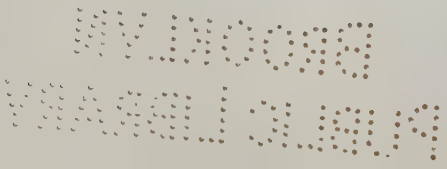
Gardiner dwelt as commander for four years, years of ceaseless labor, of constant anxiety, of ever-present danger, and of active warfare with the Pequots,—Gardiner himself was severely wounded in one close encounter, —diversified by efforts to strengthen the plantation and agriculture carried on under the enemy's fire.

Most men at the end of four years of this sort of hardship would have gladly sought a more peaceful pursuit in life's crowded places,—not so with Gardiner, for, when his engagement expired with the lords and gentlemen in whose employ he had come to America, he plunged still farther into the wilderness, purchasing from the Paumanoc Indians, for "ten coats of trading cloath," Manchonake, or the Isle of Wight, now Gardiner's Island, sixteen miles distant by water from the nearest settlement of English at Saybrook.

The Indians were Gardiner's only neighbors in his new home, but, despite the fact that he had been the chief author of the plans which in 1637 resulted in the defeat and almost complete annihilation of the Pe-





quots, he knew how to foster and maintain peaceful relations with the red men. Before going to his island he won the good will of Wyandance, later chief of the Montauks, and the friendship between them, which ended only with the Indian's death, furnishes the material for one of the noblest chapters in colonial history.

Twice Gardiner foiled conspiracies for a general onslaught on the English by means of the warnings which his firm friend gave him; another time he remained as hostage with the Indians while Wyandance went before the English magistrates, who had demanded that he should discover and give up certain murderers, while on still another occasion, when Ninignet, chief of the Narragansetts, seized and carried off the daughter of Wyandance, on the night of her wedding, Gardiner succeeded in ransoming and restoring her to the father. The sachem rewarded this last act of friendship by the gift to Gardiner of a large tract of land on the north shore of Long Island, and when he died left his son to the guardianship of Lion and his son David. Indeed, a singularly

beneficent one was this friendship between the white man and the red. They acted in concert with entire mutual trust, keeping the Long Island tribes on peaceful terms with the English by swift and severe measures in case of wrong-doing, tempered with diplomacy and with justice to both sides.

For thirteen years Gardiner remained on the island which bears his name. Here he exerted his good influence unmolested by the savages about him, at the same time developing his territory and deriving an income from the off-shore whale-fishery, which then flourished about the eastern end of Long Island. In 1653, leaving the island to the care of the old soldiers whom he had brought from the fort as farmers, he took up his residence in East Hampton, where he had bought much land and where he died in 1663, at the age of sixty-four. No one knows the place of his sepulture, but in the older East Hampton Cemetery, among the graves of many Gardiners, may be seen two very ancient flat posts of "drift cedar" sunk deep in the soil and joined together by a rail of the same material, about the normal length

of a man. Under this rude memorial, it has been surmised, rests the body of Lion Gardiner. When the time comes to rear a monument to the ideal First Settler here is the spot where it should be placed.

When Lion Gardiner died his island passed to his wife, who at her death left it to their son David "in tail" to his first male heir, and the first heirs male following, forever. David, in leaving it to his eldest son, re-expressed the entail, and the estate descended from father to son for more than a hundred and fifty years until, in 1829, by the death of the eighth proprietor without issue, it passed to his younger brother, in the hands of whose descendants it has ever since remained.

Lion Gardiner's title to the island derived from the Indians was confirmed by a grant from the agent of the Earl of Stirling, who held a royal patent for an immense slice of territory, in which the island was embraced, —a grant which allowed Gardiner to make and execute such laws as he pleased for church and civil government on his own land, if according to God and the king,

" without giving any account thereof to any one whomsoever;" and David Gardiner, although he duly and formally acknowledged his submission to New York, received from Governor Nicholls a renewal of these privileges, the consideration being five pounds in hand and a yearly rental to the same amount. Each royal governor who came out to New York after Nicholls's day levied a charge of five pounds for issuing a new patent confirming the older ones, but in 1686 Governor Dongan, for a handsome sum paid down, gave David Gardiner a patent which created the island a lordship and manor, agreeing that the king would thenceforth accept, in lieu of all other tribute, one ewe lamb on the first of May in each year.

John Gardiner, third lord of the island, aside from several memorable visits from Captain Kidd, of which more in another place, was much annoyed by pirates, and occasionally fared badly at their hands. Twice they ransacked his house, carrying off his plate and cattle, and once they beat him with swords and tied him to a tree, while they searched for the money which

they believed he had concealed somewhere about the manor. Then for a long time Gardiner's Island was a country without a history, but in the first year of the Revolution it was plundered by the British of its droves of cattle and sheep, which went to feed the troops of General Gage encamped at Boston; a patriot committee seized the rest of the stock, paying for it in Continental money, and the officers and men of the royal fleet, which during the winter of 1781 lay at anchor in the neighboring bay, plundered and marauded so effectively that when the war ended there remained on the island hardly enough personal property to pay arrears of taxes. However, John Lyon Gardiner, seventh proprietor and an able man of affairs, held the estate together and restored its prosperity, and ever since his death its history has been one of peace and contentment. Time was when the lords of the island derived a considerable revenue from whaling and the culture of maize, but in later years the estate has been devoted to farming, sheep-raising, and stock-breeding, the sea being resorted to only for such fish,

clams, and lobsters as may supply the daily needs of the inhabitants.

Seen from the sea, the island, seven miles long, from one to two wide, and enclosing three thousand good acres, has no doubt changed but little since the long-gone day when Lion Gardiner came from Saybrook fort to build his home there. The nearest land is three miles and a half distant, at Fireplace, so named because in other times strangers bound for the manor used to build a fire of sea-weed on the sand, the smoke of which being seen across the three-mile channel, a skiff would be sent over for the visitors. Shelter Island on the west, and the north and south arms of Long Island, help to convert Gardiner's Bay into a spacious roadstead, where, as I have said, a British fleet lay anchored during a portion of the Revolutionary War; but from the high bluffs which flank the eastern end of the island one gazes out over the open Atlantic until the blending of sea and sky blocks the range of vision.

The landing-place is on the sheltered southwest side of the island. Close at hand

is an ancient windmill that supplies the inhabitants with flour, and a little farther back from the sea is the roomy manor-house, built in 1774 and with moss-covered dormer roof, behind which green, rolling downs stretch away to the noble woods which cover the northern and western parts of the island. Very near the centre of the island, its white headstones grouped about a giant granite boulder, stands the graveyard of the Gardiners, and the other half of the estate is given over to woods, orchards, and wide-reaching fields of grain. Save the keeper of the federal light-house at the northern end of the island, all the persons living thereon, some sixty in number, are servants and tenants of the proprietor, or members of his family, for the kindly, patriarchal system instituted by stout old Lion Gardiner has continued until the present day, with results that a king or sage might envy. Indeed, one finds Gardiner's Island a little principality where a good citizen rules without pomp, guided only by the dictates of justice and good sense, where crime and violence are unknown, and where diligence,

order, and contentment hold benignant sway from one year's end to another. There is not even a watch-dog on the place, and one is not surprised to learn that the turbulent characters who now and then drift thither among the hired summer laborers promptly grow calm under the softening influence of the sweet and noble landscape, the grateful ocean air, and the time-haloed quietude that invest the daily routine of this ocean retreat.

Only restless wraiths from out the past now disturb the peace and quiet of Gardiner's Island. One of these is the uneasy memory of Captain Kidd, honest master mariner turned pirate, of whom so much that is misleading, so little that has a basis of truth, has been published. It was in the closing days of June, 1699, that Kidd, returning from the three years' cruise that had caused a price to be set on his head, and later led to his trial and execution in London,—sent out to cruise against pirates he had ended by adopting the trade of his victims,—cast anchor in Gardiner's Bay. When his sloop, which carried six guns, had lain two days in sight of the island, without

MANOR HOUSE, GARDINER'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

making any sign, Lord John Gardiner put off in a boat to board her and inquire what she was. Captain Kidd, whom he had never met before, received Lord John politely, and in answer to his inquiries said he was going to Boston to see Lord Bellomont, then governor of the provinces of New York and Massachusetts, and one of the company which had embarked Kidd on his pirate-quest. Meanwhile he wished Gardiner to take two negro boys and a negro girl and keep them until he came or sent for them.

The next day Kidd demanded from Lord John a tribute of six sheep and a barrel of cider, which was cheerfully rendered. The captain, however, gave Gardiner two pieces of costly Bengal muslin for his wife, handed Gardiner's men four pieces of gold for their trouble, and offered to pay for the cider. Some of Kidd's crew also presented the island men with muslin for neckcloths. After this exchange of civilities the rover fired a salute of four guns and stood for Block Island, some twenty miles away. Three days later Kidd came back to the manor island, and, sending one of his followers

to fetch Gardiner, commanded the latter to take and keep for him or order a chest and a box of gold, a bundle of quilts, and four bales of goods. The chests were buried in a swamp near the manor-house, and Kidd, with a timely touch of ferocity, told Lord John that if he called for the treasure and it were missing he would take his or his son's head. Before departing, however, the pirate leader presented his host with a bag of sugar. It was on this occasion, also, that Kidd requested Mrs. Gardiner to roast a pig for him, and was so pleased with the result that he gave her a piece of cloth of gold, a fragment of which is still preserved at the manor.

Then Kidd set sail for Boston. A week or so later he was arrested in that city, and Lord John, ordered by the authorities to render up the goods in his charge, made haste to obey their command. In the treasure which Gardiner in due time turned over to Lord Bellomont there were bags of coined gold and silver, a bag of silver rings and unpolished gems, agates, amethysts, bags containing silver buttons and lamps, broken

silver, gold bars and silver bars, and sixty-nine precious stones "by tale." However, the only profit derived by Lord John—history, let it be said in passing, tells us that "he had so much ability in affairs that, although he married four times and spent a great deal of money, he gave handsome dowries to his daughters and left a large estate at his death"—from his relations with Kidd was accidental. On coming home from Boston, whither he had gone to deliver the treasure to Lord Bellomont, he unpacked his portmanteau, in which some of the smaller packages had been stowed, and as he did so there rolled out upon the floor a diamond that had got astray from the "precious stones by tale." He would have sent it after the rest, but his wife interposed; she thought he had been at pains enough, and on her own responsibility kept the diamond. Yet even this slight guerdon slipped away, after the manner of all magic or underhand wealth. Mrs. Gardiner gave it to her daughter, and Lord John at that time kept a chaplain, one Thomas Green, of Boston, in whom his daughter became interested.

Lord John kept the chaplain; the chaplain ran away with and married the daughter; and the daughter kept the diamond.

From this union of maid and parson sprang the famous Gardiner-Greens of Boston, the first of whom married a daughter of the artist Copley, sister of Baron Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of England. Other family connections of the Gardiners have historic interest. A son of one of the proprietors married the daughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall; a daughter of another was the great-grandmother of George Bancroft; and the widow of a third found a second husband in General Israel Putnam, and died at his head-quarters in the Hudson Highlands during the Revolution. It should be said here, too, that Mary, the daughter of Lion, married Jeremiah, the ancestor of Roscoe Conkling, while in 1844 Miss Juliana Gardiner became the second wife of President Tyler, —thus firmly has the family tree of the Saybrook captain taken root in New World soil.

When Captain William Kidd during the eventful voyage that proved his last took his

leave of Lord John Gardiner's sea-girt domain he headed his course for Block Island, twenty miles to the eastward. We followed in his trail one cloud-free, wind-swept summer morning, and an hour or so after leaving Gardiner's Bay there arose from the sea ahead of us of what seemed like a dark, purple cloud thrust athwart the southern horizon line. Then, as the trim sloop yacht kept on its way, the cloud changed in hue to a brilliant green, flecked here and there with brown, and its misty prominences multiplying into a hundred conical little hills, their smooth flanks covered with stone-walled farms, strewn with white homesteads and animated with flocks of sheep, cattle, and fowl, Block Island sprang smiling from the waves to greet us.

We landed at a granite breakwater, which provides the only haven of the island, and before a week had ended had explored it from end to end. Its territory extends ten miles from east to west, and six miles from north to south in its widest place, having nearly the shape of a pear. Thickly wooded in the old Indian days, the land is now bar-

ren of anything in the shape of trees, save a few pinched and starveling poplars set out around some of the dwellings as a protection from the winds. Ponds are everywhere, several of considerable size, and a host of smaller ones lying in the hollows between the hills, and in many instances white with pond lilies, remarkable for their size and beauty. These ponds are set between knolls, and every knoll is capped with a small, one-story farm-house, with stone chimney and sharp roof sloping to the ground, its shingled walls thickly coated with whitewash, the only wash that, I am told, will stand the intensely vaporous air of the island. Some of these dwellings are older than the century, and the island's solitary windmill was built of lumber grown two hundred years ago. From the hills inside the wind-stained sails of this mill, the spires of two tiny churches, and the white towers of five school-houses stand out against the sky line.

On the southeast side of the island, rising one hundred and twenty feet from the water, stands Mohegan Bluff, on which a light-house was built some twenty years ago.

Within the great lantern, which rises two hundred and four feet from the sea, four or five people can stand together, its light on a clear night being visible for twenty-one nautical miles; and those who are fond of figures will, perhaps, be interested in the keeper's statement, made with every evidence of pride, that it takes twelve hundred gallons of oil annually to feed the hungry wick. To further aid the storm-beset mariner, a mighty foghorn, operated by a steam-engine of five- or six-horse power, has been set up near the light-house, and there are also three life-saving stations on the island, all of which, unhappily, find plenty of work to do in the winter months, as the south shore is rocky and dangerous; the island lies in the track of all east- and west-bound vessels, and the wind forever howls and whistles across it with formidable volume and force. In the summer this is pleasant enough, but in winter death often follows in the wind's wake, and only the silent rocks, worn and scarred with the débris of wrecked vessels, know how many poor sailors have perished on this perilous coast.

Block Island—the Indian name was Manisees, meaning Little God's Island—antedates Plymouth Rock in point of history by nearly a century, it having been first brought to Old World notice in 1524 by Verrazani, a French navigator. The present name, however, is derived from the Dutch explorer Adrian Block, who visited the island some ninety years later, and whose sailors were, doubtless, the first white men to land on its shores. The Narragansett, Pequot, and Mohegan Indians lived here at different times, and were constantly involved in broils about the ownership of the island, which for the murder, in 1636, of one Captain John Oldham, a Boston trader, was subjugated by the colony of Massachusetts. Some years later it was transferred to John Endicott and three associates, who in turn sold it to sixteen individuals for four hundred pounds. This party soon settled in their newly-acquired territory, and their descendants now form a large portion of the inhabitants of the island. Nicholas Ball, who died some years ago, and who for more than a generation was the most influential man on the

island, was a direct descendant in the sixth generation from one of these original settlers.

Once settled, the island throve apace, and during the wars between France and England its fertile farms and fat herds and flocks furnished tempting and convenient prey for marauders and pirates, who repeatedly descended on its shores and carried off or destroyed everything on which they could lay their hands. Although protection was asked of the General Assembly of Rhode Island by the inhabitants it was never given them. The General Assembly, if the truth was known, probably had all it could do to protect itself, and its wards had to defend themselves as best they could. However, the town records of this little forsaken, war-pillaged island show a strong love of freedom and of democratic institutions, and when the Revolutionary War came on its inhabitants gave splendid proof of the sturdy stuff that was in them, placing their lives and property and honor upon the altar of their country as freely as the people of the colonies, but faring worst of all. At first they

were thoroughly sacked by their mother colony, and then left to the tender mercies of hostile British ships, while to make their plight still worse, they were forbidden by an enactment to visit the mainland, unless they intended to settle there, and it seemed that every man's hand was against them. But with peace came independence and prosperity in its train, and in these latter days the island's most dangerous visitor is the vagrom summer tourist.

Farming and fishing were long the only, and still remain the chief, vocations of the inhabitants of the island. Bluefish, codfish, swordfish, sharks, whales, and many other kinds of fish are caught here in their season, and the annual value of the island fisheries is something like one hundred thousand dollars. The typical Block Island fishing-boat, which was originated by the islanders more than two hundred years ago and is known in local parlance as a double-ender, is a very queer craft,—a huge canoe, wide open like a caravel, with sides fabricated of long strips of sheeting, overlapping each other like clapboards on a house, sharp at

both ends, so that a landsman is never quite sure which is stern and which bow, and with a tall mast stepped almost in the middle of the keel. It is never larger than a medium-sized sloop yacht; yet with one great square-sail a crew of rugged Block Islanders do not hesitate to drive one of these odd craft in the thickest weather to Newfoundland, or across the ocean for that matter.

In the hands of other mariners, however, the double-ender is a most refractory, disobedient, and insurrectionary craft, likely to spill them without warning, after the manner of a bucking broncho, or to go ashore in spite of tiller and sail, and in defiance of all well-grounded principles of navigation. A genuine islander can do pretty nearly what he pleases with it, sail into the very eye of the wind without winking, cruise right over sand spits and bars not too far out of water, so light is the boat's draught; and there is a trustworthy tradition that once an islander, alone in his open boat, with only his dinner-pail full of provision, was blown out to sea in a storm, and a few days later drove tranquilly into Havana. He devoted a week to

sight-seeing in the Cuban city, then provisioned his craft anew, and set sail for the American republic—at large. Unfortunately, in the hurricane he had lost his compass overboard, and most of his other implements useful in seafaring, and had no money to purchase new ones. A sympathetic Spaniard in Havana was anxious to know how on earth he expected he would ever be able to get back to America and Block Island with no compass, only a part of his rudder and sail, and with various other things lacking that are generally thought to be indispensable in navigation. "Oh," was the matter-of-fact reply of the undaunted skipper, "I am just a-going to steer nor'nor'west, and with fair weather and time, barring accidents, I reckon I can hit the broadside of the United States somewheres." In about three weeks he did hit it, and no one wondered at the exploit who was acquainted with the sturdy, sea-going capabilities of the double-ender and Block Island skipper.

When the viking boat, shown afterwards at the World's Fair, visited the harbor of New London in the summer of 1893, a Block

Island skipper who chanced to be in the Connecticut town at that time was surprised and greatly pleased with the appearance of the northman. As a matter of fact, barring out her dragon-head prow, she was very like a Block Island double-ender, and local wiseacres affirm that the model of the old-time viking boat was familiar to the forefathers of the men who settled Block Island; that they bequeathed it to their descendants, and that some of the latter having brought the substantial features of it as a part of their nautical knowledge across the Atlantic, have preserved and perpetuated them in the New World in the double-end craft centuries after the original model was discarded and forgotten by the hardy vikings. Whether the ground on which this theory is founded is tenable or not, it is certain that for practical work in rough seas on a savage and treacherous coast there is no more serviceable craft than the Block Island double-ender, and none other so simply and cheaply constructed.

The visitor to Block Island is pretty sure to linger longest at the Centre, a hamlet lying somewhat over a mile west of the har-

bor, and made up of a town-hall, a church, half a dozen stores, and a number of houses, set behind stone walls and amid green fields. One has only to pass a week of summer days here and nearly the whole life of the island will pass in review before him, for all the trade of the west and south sides centres at this point. Sunburned farmers drive up in vehicles of antique pattern laden with corn and barley, or patient sheep, or carcasses of beeves and hogs, or bundles of geese, ducks, and turkeys, for which the island is noted. Next comes a florid dame, chirruping to her slow-moving steed, her stout person flanked by pots of butter and baskets of eggs, and a pile of cheeses weighing down the springs behind her. She has come to trade, and one need have no fear that she will not hold her own in the wordy warfare with the merchant. A fisherman from the west side follows, his wagon loaded deep with bales of white, flaky codfish. Anon comes a shore lass, bright-eyed and agile, bearing a bundle of dried sea-moss; a lad with an egg in each hand, another with a pullet under each arm, a woman with

a bundle of paper rags, a wagon filled with old junk, succeed; and so the endless procession continues, with few moments in the day when the merchant's varied wares are not being drawn upon by some needy customer. At night the store becomes an animated club-room, where local wiseacres gather to retail village gossip, talk politics, and tell stirring tales of adventure and hairbreadth escapes on sea and land.

However, it is on the west side, rarely visited by the summer tourist, that nearly all that is wild, primitive, and picturesque about the island is found. From the Centre a walk or ride of four miles will bring you there. The road winds and twists through the hollows and over the hills, with fleeting views of the sea, its white-caps flying, sails flitting hither and yon, and mayhap gray phantoms of fogs stalking up and down. The seabreeze blows shrewdly and covers every exposed part with rime. Stone walls abut closely on the roads; ponds fill the hollows, broad meadows succeed, and then a lane branches off and leads up to a quaint old farm-house nestled in the midst of a little

community of haystacks, cattle-pens, and outbuildings. The prosaic structure takes on new interest when you reflect that there, possibly, pretty Catherine Ray made the famous cheese which was presented to Benjamin Franklin, of which the great philosopher makes frequent mention in his letters and of which Mrs. Franklin was so proud, or that there General Nathaniel Greene wooed and won Catherine Littlefield, the modest Block Island maiden, who, later, followed him to the camp and became intimate with Madam Washington and other stately dames.

All these things happened somewhere on the island, and with mind filled with thoughts of them, one leaves behind him other pastures and meadows and farm-houses, and at the end of an hour's walk descends, through a rift in the bluffs, to the west side, —a strange, weird, mysterious coast, at which wind and sea are ever gnawing, and pounded by a surge whose thunder is like that from a hundred heavy guns. In winter, which comes early to this bleak shore, nights of storm and darkness are frequent,

and on one of these some gallant vessel is sure to enter the Sound at the gateway of Montauk. The fog lowers, the gale shrieks, and strong currents whirl her irresistibly towards the island. Suddenly the breakers foam beneath her bows, there follows a sickening crash, and vessel and crew are swallowed in the boiling surges. Relics of a thousand such wrecks are scattered along this coast. The sea plays with them like a dog with the bones it has picked, now burying them deep in the sand, now leaving them bare and ghastly in the sunlight, and you meet them everywhere along the beach, thrown up under the cliffs or gathered in heaps, to be used as fuel for some wrecker's winter fire.

America has no coast that has been more prolific of wrecks than this bit of land set in the path of all the sails that crowd the Sound. Its currents draw many to its embrace that would otherwise have escaped, and a volume might be filled with records of these wrecks. The old men delight to tell of them snugly seated by their fires of peat, while the blast shrieks fiercely without. Sad-

dest of all, they say, attended with greatest loss of life, was the wreck of the "Warrior," a large two-masted schooner, plying between New York and Boston. The night before her loss she was becalmed a little to the westward of Sandy Point. During the night a gale arose, and in the early morning she was driven with terrific violence on the Point. By the dim light she was seen hard aground in the very vortex of the conflicting currents that make this spot a seething caldron even in moderate weather. Waves mast-head high were pouring upon her decks, and, although she was but seven-score yards from shore, the islanders saw that no mortal power could aid the people on her decks. The end came quickly: her masts, unstepped at the first shock, soon fell, ripping open her main-deck; then a wave broke over her, and in a moment tore her into fragments, while passengers and crew dropped into the boiling surges. Of the twenty-one souls on board not one was saved.

Many other notable wrecks the old sea-dogs love to recount, and mingled with their tales of disaster and death are weird legends

of wraiths and phantoms and spectral crews and ships, for nowhere else in America has superstition so long and so tenaciously retained its hold as it has upon the people of Block Island. In their fancy and belief Kidd and his crew still pay random visits to Sandy Point, where they bury treasures, coming under the full moon in a spectral boat, driven by broken surf billows. There is also the story of the little child whose mother left it to die by the roadside, and whose doleful cry, it is said, is still to be heard in the gray afternoons when the wind whistles across Clay Head; and there is another that has been celebrated in song and verse and is known the wide world over,—that of the good ship "Palatine," alleged to have been lured on the rocky coast by false beacons in the last century and afterwards pillaged by the islanders, and whose ghostly figure, wreathed in flame, is still seen gliding down the Sound of nights, awaking the awe of the superstitious and portending some disaster to the descendants of those who were suspected of wrecking and robbing her. The phantom ship was last

seen in February, 1880. Four days later a party of young Block Islanders were drowned in Newport harbor. That, on some late and stormy winter afternoon, when the twilight is swiftly glooming into night, the "Palatine" will come again to Block Island is never doubted by those who dwell in that lonesome, wave-swept place.

## CHAPTER II

### SOME COLONIAL NOOKS

The owner and master of the "Elsa" was one of those rare and welcome comrades who promise less than they perform; and when he lured us from our resting-place at Greenport for a summer voyage in the wake of Captain Kidd, he did not tell us that the homeward sail was to give us pleasant introduction to Fisher's and Shelter Islands, two sea-girt nooks, where linger delightful memories of the colonial era.

Nine miles in length and varying from half a mile to a mile and a quarter in width, the first of these islands lies like a breastwork at the entrance to the Sound. Its history, like that of Gardiner's Island, is bound up with that of a distinguished American family, for it was granted in 1668 to John Winthrop, the younger, eldest son of John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts, and himself governor of the colony of Connecti-

cut. John Winthrop, the younger, built a manor-house on his island estate, and dwelt there until his death, in 1676, at the age of seventy. Fisher's Island descended to his eldest son, and when the latter died without male heir, in 1707, became the property of his aptly-named brother Wait Still Winthrop, chief-justice of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in the possession of whose descendants it remained for a hundred and sixty years.

More recently it has passed into other hands, and is divided at present into several farms. However, one relic of the Winthrops remains, their handsome old manor-house,—now much enlarged from its original size,—with its thick stone walls and huge dormer-windows breaking the gray-shingled monotony of its high gabled roof. Nor does the island lack other reminders of a bygone time. Amid the long sea-grass and by a small rock, blackened with soddened sea-moss, which marks one of the loneliest spots on its south shore, lies the grave of a man there washed up, who lost his life in attempting on a dark night nearly

ninescore years ago to swim across the Connecticut River. According to tradition the young pastor—for it was the Rev. Samuel Pierpont, of the First Church, of Lyme—was returning to his bride. He did not find the ferryman, and anxious both on his own account and that of his wife, he essayed to cross by swimming. His life went out in the night and the darkness, and weeks later his body was washed ashore on Fisher's Island, where naught now disturbs his lonely sepulchre.

Time was when the nearest neighbor to the southward of the Winthrops, of Fisher's Island, was the lord and owner of Sylvester's, now called Shelter, Island. It was in 1652 that Nathaniel Sylvester, one of a wealthy royalist family driven from England by the undoing of the first Charles, brought Grissell Brinley, his bride, to Shelter Island, which he and his brother had lately purchased for "sixteen hundred pounds of good Muscovada sugar," building there a comfortable manor-house, which a little later became a place of refuge for the Quakers driven from Massachusetts by

the authorities of that colony. George Fox was twice a guest of the Sylvesters, and preached to the Indians from the door-steps of their hospitable home.

That is how it came to be called Shelter Island, descending in the third generation to Brinley Sylvester, of Newport. who elected to dwell in the place of his fathers and built a new house on the site of the original homestead. This house, erected in 1737, and known as the Sylvester Manor, is now owned and occupied by the widow and daughters of the late Eben Norton Horsford, who are lineal descendants of Nathaniel and Grissell Sylvester. It is reached by a mile drive from the western shore through a rolling country and over well-shaded roads. On each side of the entrance to the house are two small brass cannon glinting in the sunshine, and on the wide door is a heavy brass knocker. Lift this and a cordial welcome is assured you, for its owners delight to show the old house and its treasures to the visitor,—a piece of the cloth of gold presented by Captain Kidd to Madam Gardiner, the snuff-box that Lord Fairfax gave

to Washington, veneered and inlaid furniture, spinning-wheels, coffin-like clocks, and many other things quaint and deeply interesting in their quaintness.

And so, after a day divided between Fisher's and Shelter Islands, we came back to Greenport, and idled there until the summer was ended and the time for our return to the workaday world was at hand. But Long Island throughout its length and breadth is rich in reminders of colonial and Revolutionary days, and thus it was that we planned a leisurely homeward journey, which, beginning at the Hamptons, gave us pleasurable glimpses of St. George's Manor, Patchogue, Huntingdon Harbor, Jericho, Oyster Bay, and Roslyn, and came to an end at Flushing. Settled in 1640 by men from Lynn, Massachusetts, the three Hamptons, South, Bridge, and East, had early and frequent disputes with the Dutch, who came down the island from New Amsterdam. First joined to the Hartford colony, they were later made a part of the domain granted by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York, their energetic protest against

this transfer passing unheeded. "But," in the words of the author of the ancient records of Southampton, "it requires something more than the patent of a king and the order of a governor to change the wishes, the thoughts, and the dispositions of a people, and from that day to the present Southampton has continued to be an integral part of New England to all intents and purposes, and in all modes of thought and action, as much as any portion of the land of steady habits."

Seated in the lap of a wide, wind-swept plain, against the southern edge of which the ocean pounds with never-ceasing roar, Southampton's first prosperity came from the sea. The whale-fishery began early, and often the whales came so close to the shore that the fishermen could capture them from boats. Sometimes they became stranded and were cut up by their captors. In 1687 there were a dozen whaling crews of ten men, each doing business on this plan, and over two thousand barrels of oil were secured in that year. Following the introduction of mineral oils, however, the whal-

ing industry declined as rapidly as it had risen, and during the first three-quarters of the present century idleness and quiet brooded over the moss-grown old hamlet by the sea. Now the tide of modern wealth has set in upon it; the old and the new jostle and mingle delightfully in the Southampton of to-day, and in a walk along its main street, lined all the way with splendid elms, one comes upon venerable landmarks like the old Sayre House, built in 1648, and handed down from father to son for ten generations, touching elbows with smart summer cottages of the most recent pattern. The palace of a new-made millionaire keeps company with the old Pelletreau House, where Lord Erskine made his head-quarters during the British occupation in 1779; a golf-link and a club-house are within sight of the ruins of the three forts which that nobleman cause to be erected, and along the shores of old Town Pond, transformed by recent comers into Lake Agawam, and over the Ox Pasture and Great Plains roads, thoroughness opened in the middle of the seventeenth century and flecked with wind-

mills brought from Holland, the visitor drives by a hundred modern villas, the creation of yesterday. To the south of the town are the dunes for which this coast is famous, and beyond them the rollers break upon the beach with a roar that can be heard a mile away.

Three miles west of Southampton village the level moorland rises into the hills of Shinnecock, so named from the Indians who were the original owners of all the lands. In 1703 the Shinnecock region was leased back to the Indians by the settlers who had previously purchased lands from the tribe and was used as a reservation until 1859, when the hills were sold to a local corporation and the remnant of the tribe took up their abode on the Shinnecock Neck, where they still live to the number of about two hundred. These are a mixture of Indians and negro, the last full-blooded member of the tribe having died several years ago. The women till the soil and find employment among the cottagers and villagers, but the men hug the shady side of the house or hill, smoke, watch the women at work,

and say nothing. The government furnishes them with a school-master and a preacher, but small influence have they to win the Indian from his contempt of labor, his pipe, and his taciturnity. The only thing taught him by the white man for which he has a liking is a keen relish for strong drink, and when in his cups he is said to be an ugly creature. In the main, however, the Shinnecocks are a silent and inoffensive people, gradually fading off the face of the earth.

Yet life among them has not been without its strange, mysterious tragedies. At the close of a summer day seventy-odd years ago a small sloop coming from the northward anchored near the shore of Peconic Bay. The only persons on the sloop who could be seen by the Indians fishing close at hand were a white man and a negro. After darkness had settled over the bay a light flickered from the cabin windows of the sloop, and a voice, that of a woman, was raised in song. In the early morning hours a noise was heard in the direction of the boat and a woman's screams floated out over the

water. Then the listeners on shore heard the sound of the hoisting of an anchor, and a little later in the early morning light the sloop was seen speeding out to sea. Just before it disappeared a man standing in the stern threw something white overboard.

Among the watchers on shore was one Jim Turnbull, an Indian known as the Water Serpent. After a time Turnbull swam out to the white object still floating on the water. As he drew near he saw it was the body of a woman lying face downward. When Turnbull turned the body over he recognized the face at a glance. The woman's throat had been cut and a dagger thrust into her heart. Then he conveyed the body to the beach and, aided by his companions, buried it near the head of Peconic Bay. The day following the woman's burial the Water Serpent disappeared. He was absent for several weeks, and when he came back to his home in Shinnecock Hills gave no hint of his wanderings. Years later, however, when he was about to die, his lips opened and told a fearful story.

During a winter's storm a few months

before the murder in Peconic Bay the Water Serpent and several other members of his tribe had been wrecked on the Connecticut shore. The Water Serpent, alone escaping death in the waters, was found lying unconscious on the beach by a farmer named Turner, who carried him to his home near by, where the farmer's daughter, Edith, a beautiful girl, nursed him back to health. An Indian never forgets a kindness, and the Water Serpent was no exception to the rule. He did not see his young nurse again until he found her body floating in the waters of Peconic Bay. Following this discovery, he quickly made his way to the home of the girl, and found that she had eloped with an Englishman, a former officer in the British army. The Water Serpent told his story, and two of the girl's brothers went with him to her grave. They opened it at night, identified the body, and carried it away for burial beside that of the girl's mother.

The Water Serpent had seen the Englishman and remembered his face. With the farmer's sons he took up the search for the murderer, and finally traced him to a farm-

house near the village of Stamford. One day the Englishman was missed from his usual haunts, and months afterwards his body was found, in a thick piece of woodland, with a dagger plunged through the heart. It was the same dagger that the Water Serpent had found in the heart of Edith.

One of the winsome excursions open to the visitor to Southampton leads by way of Bridgehampton, smallest and least interesting of the Hamptons, to the ancient whaling port of Sag Harbor. The whaling propensities of the farmer-mariners of Long Island led them in their search for the big fish to cruise farther and farther each year from the shore. From building boats and towing the dead whales back to shore to be "tried out" they began to build ships and make voyages to the South and Arctic seas. This business centred at Sag Harbor, and at one time there were nearly fourscore whalers sailing from the little port. Everybody in Sag Harbor had shares in whaling vessels. A round three hundred men worked on her wharves and all the other men of the town

went to sea. In 1847 a million dollars' worth of oil and whalebone was the spoil of the Sag Harbor fleet. Then came the quick decline in the whaling interests that followed the discovery and use of petroleum. Fire swept away a portion of the town; the finding of gold in California drew many of its adventurous seamen to the West, and the glory of Sag Harbor departed. The last whaling vessel was sold in 1862, and to-day its wharves are deserted and its streets are silent.

What with its want of life and trade and its handful of ancient mariners now fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, Sag Harbor belongs to the past, and the same is in a measure true of Easthampton, two miles east of it, until recently one of those fortunate towns that could not be reached by rail. Easthampton has a history dating back to 1650, and its single elm-shaded street abounds in relics of an earlier time. Many of the houses are of the last century, and one of them sheltered in boyhood John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." In another Lyman Beecher lived

while pastor of the old village church. Cooper is said to have laid the opening scenes of his "Sea Lions" near Easthampton, and the place is rich in other strange and stirring memories.

On an April day in 1840 there came an unusual visitor to Easthampton's solitary inn. The new-comer was a man of fifty, handsome, courtly, reserved, and both he and the servant who accompanied him spoke with a marked Scotch accent. They were assigned quarters by the innkeeper, and with him they remained five years. Then the servant went away, and the master found a home with a leading family of Easthampton. His means were ample and remittances reached him regularly through a chain of banks. The life he led in the quiet town was in every way a sweet and lovely one. He was the constant patron of the poor, the warm friend of all the boys in the village, prompt and foremost in every good work, and a regular attendant at church, contributing freely to the building of a pretty little chapel at Easthampton.

And yet for more than thirty years this

singular man led the life of a hermit. But once in that time did he pass the limits of Easthampton, and that was to visit Southampton, only a few miles away. During all these years his identity remained unknown to those about him. John Wallace was the name he gave when he came to Easthampton, and John Wallace is the name you will find carved on the white slab that stands above his grave in the village cemetery. At rare intervals he would come from the post-office holding a letter in his hand and remark to the members of the family with whom he lived, "This is from my lady friend in Edinburgh."

And this was the only hint he ever gave of his former life. He was eighty-one years old when he died on a stormy night in December, 1870. After he was gone his landlady wrote a letter describing his end, addressed it to "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend, Edinburgh," and despatched it through the New York bank by which the old man's remittances reached him. Months later there came a reply, brief, formal, and unfeeling, signed "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend." Years after, quite by accident, the

mystery of the dead man's life came out. In 1840 the high sheriff of a great Scotch county was a certain man residing in Edinburgh. He was a bachelor of middle age, of upright life, benevolent impulses, the ever-generous friend of those in distress, and widely known and universally beloved on account of his good works. Of a sudden a grave crime was charged against him. One evening the lord high advocate visited a friend of the sheriff and told him that at ten o'clock next morning a warrant would be issued for the sheriff's arrest. That night the sheriff disappeared from Scotland, and a few weeks later John Wallace's long and lonely penance in the little village on Long Island had begun. Now it is ended, and he sleeps as peacefully in the Easthampton burial-ground as he would in the soil that gave him birth.

Their isolation was long the principal charm of the Hamptons. Now, however, the railroad, bringing the summer visitor in its train, has robbed them of this, and for a survival of the Long Island of colonial times one must go, as we did, to St. George's

Manor, at the eastern end of the Great South Bay, which, for seven generations, or since the original grant from King William in 1693, has been the home and stead of the same family. The tract of land which this grant conveyed to Colonel William Smith, commonly called Tangier Smith, owing to the fact that he had once been governor of Tangier, Africa, under the British crown, originally comprised some forty thousand acres, lying between Moriches on the east and Patchogue on the west, the ocean on the south, and the Sound on the north. The manor has since shrunk sadly in size, but Smith's Point, as the slightly wooded headland closing the east end of the bay is called, has doubtless changed but little in two hundred years. Here during all that time the Smiths have had their home. In front of the manor-house, which faces the water, may still be traced the ruins of a fort erected by the British during the Revolution, and on the lawn reposes a giant iron caldron used to try out blubber in the days when whales were often sighted off-shore and a watch was regularly kept for them.

The manor-house itself, facing the water, and the third upon the spot, was built in 1810, and is a fine specimen of the generous houses of that time. A spacious hall runs through it, with square and lofty rooms opening on either side. Much of the furniture is modern, but some of the pieces date from the last century, and a few things remain that came from England with the first lord of the manor, two hundred years ago. Close at hand is a burial-ground where rest all the heads of the Tangier Smith family since 1700. Some of the men were soldiers, some sailors, some lawyers, some men of affairs, but all returned to end their days on the manor. Successive divisions have now reduced it to a tract of seven thousand acres, yet its present masters can drive four miles in one direction without leaving their own woods, and there they lie, with their wives and such of their children as remained in the family nest. Some of the headstones in the little graveyard tell stories of their own, as, for instance, one to the memory of a young wife who died at the age of fifteen. Among the neighbors of the

Smiths were the Floyds. William Smith, third of the name and line, was one day talking with his neighbor Floyd as to the proper amount of money the four girls of the Floyd family ought to inherit. Judge Floyd said he had put them down in his will for one thousand pounds apiece, a large sum in those days,—much too large, in the opinion of Judge Smith, who declared that women had no idea of the value of money.

One of the daughters of the house of Floyd overheard the conversation, and it resulted in such friction between the young people of the two families that when young John Smith came a courting Miss Betsy Floyd her mother refused to hear of the match, and Betsy, like a dutiful daughter, obeyed. When Judge Floyd died it was found that he had taken the advice of his neighbor and had left his daughters nine hundred pounds each instead of the one thousand pounds they had expected. This widened the breach. At the advice of his father young John gave up Betsy for the time being and married Lady Lydia Fanning, daughter

of Lord Fanning, governor of Prince Edward's Island, and brought her home to St. George's Manor. It was this young wife who died in May, 1777, at the age of fifteen, when her son, William Smith, was only a few weeks old. The bereaved widower's thoughts turned to Betsy for consolation, but she would still have none of him, and so he married one Mary Platt. Meantime, Betsy Floyd became the wife of Edward Nicoll. When the wedding took place Mrs. Floyd sent word to John Smith that she was now sure that he would never get her Betsy. But she was wrong, for both Mr. Nicoll and the second Mrs. Smith having died John laid siege to the widow Nicoll and finally married her. The William Smith born in 1777 was the great-grandfather of the present owners of the manor.

From St. George's it is a roundabout drive of ten miles to Patchogue, a village famous for its oysters and dear to the sentimental pilgrim as the last home and burial-place of Seba Smith,—a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, the friend and welcome comrade of Lincoln, and, under the *nom de*

*plume* of Major Jack Downing, the best-known humorist of his time. Smith spent the closing years of his life in Patchogue, and died there in 1868 at the age of seventy-six. His grave lies in an abandoned burial-ground near the edge of a wood at the back of the village. The storm-worn marble slab above it tells the passer-by that he was the author of "Way Down East" and many other works, and that "He was well beloved," but no stone marks the grave beside his own, where eight years ago the body of his wife, the once famous and beloved Eliza Oakes Smith, was laid to rest. Yet in the old Knickerbocker literary period of New York no woman was counted so brilliant or more beautiful. She was the central figure of coteries that had for their spirits such men as Bryant, Willis, Poe, Ripley, Irving, and Longfellow, while women like Mrs. Sigourney, Anna Estelle Lewis (Stella), Anna Cora Mowatt, and the Carey sisters regarded Eliza Oakes Smith as their most talented *confrère*. She was the soul and life of every great literary gathering in those times, and the brilliant salon of Madame

Vincenza Botta had not a more charming *habitué*. She was the first woman in this country to appear as a public lecturer, and among the first to speak from a pulpit. In 1841 her fame was at its zenith, and her book of "The Sinless Child" carried her name to other lands. But men pass away and tastes pass with them, and long before her husband's death she had disappeared from public view. After that she lived for a time in a small and secluded cottage at Patchogue. Then she moved to North Carolina, and her death in 1892 was notable chiefly because it reminded a busy and careless world that such a woman as Eliza Oakes Smith had ever lived.

And so, pondering over the fickle thing called fame, we left Patchogue behind us and made our way by rail to Babylon and thence by wheel through the Half-Way Hollow Hills and Huntingdon town to Huntingdon Harbor, on the north side of the island, during the opening years of the Revolution the rendezvous and base of operations of the British general Tryon, whose troops burned and looted the towns along the Con-

necticut shore, and memorable also as the scene, in September, 1776, of the betrayal and capture of Captain Nathan Hale. The story of that brave and hapless young patriot is a familiar one, but never lacks willing listeners. It was after the disastrous battle of Long Island that Hale, cognizant of Washington's sore need of information as to the strength and probable plans of the enemy, offered in order to obtain the same to enter the British lines in disguise. What instructions, advice, cautions, Hale received from his chief there are no records to tell us. We only know that he suddenly disappeared from the patriot camp, passed up the Connecticut shore, changed his uniform to civilian garb, crossed to Huntingdon Harbor, and then made his way to the enemy at Brooklyn and New York,—never to return. He had finished his work and was preparing to cross again to the Connecticut shore when he was seized and held by the crew of a yawl which he had mistaken for the boat which was to have been sent to take him away. Without delay he was delivered to the British authorities at New York, by

whom, having frankly declared his rank and the object of his visit to the enemy's camp, he was condemned as a spy and shot, saying as he faced the muskets of his executioners, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Seven miles to the east of Huntingdon Harbor, beside a sharp bend in the Sound, nestles Oyster Bay, flanked by orchards and threaded with shady lanes, another island nook which saw stirring days during the Revolution, days of confusion, of bustle, and shrewd blows, the memory of which contrasts sharply with its sleepy, uneventful present. The old Townsend homestead, which dates from 1740, and stands amid a thick growth of trees in the centre of the village, was during the British occupation of the island the head-quarters of Colonel Simcoe and his band of Queen's Rangers, who danced and flirted with the handsome daughters of its master and carved their names and those of the girls on the window-panes of the old house. These panes of glass are among the relics cherished by the present occupants of the Townsend home-

stead, built in such enduring fashion that it promises to outlive another century, and on the hill to the west of the village one can still trace the fortifications thrown up and then abandoned by the long-gone British troopers. The harbor from which Oyster Bay borrows its name was the scene of a stirring naval fight in November, 1779, between two American privateers and a large, well-armed British brig, in which the foreigner was badly worsted.

A little way to the south of Oyster Bay and out of sight of the sea is Jericho, a slow-going hamlet of only a few hundred souls, where one finds one's self amid the lifelong surroundings of sturdy Elias Hicks, in many ways the most remarkable man American Quakerism has yet produced and the leader in the most serious schism that has marked its history. Hicks was born and reared in the town of Hempstead, but in 1771, when he was twenty-three years old, he took to wife a Quaker maiden of Jericho, which became and remained his home until his death in 1830, at the ripe age of eighty-two. His youth, he tells us in his journals,

was one of indifference to the faith in which he was born, but the coming of his twentieth year witnessed a great change in his thoughts and mode of life, and seven years later he entered the Quaker ministry, laboring therein with untiring diligence for more than half a century. It is recorded of him that he travelled above ten thousand miles on foot, visiting in this way Canada and almost every State in the Union and preaching in the open air more than one thousand times. A poor man all his days, he asked nor would accept no compensation for his services, and when not preaching labored on his farm in the outskirts of Jericho. The doctrines which Hicks cherished and which he expounded with so much vigor and power may have slight significance for the men and women of another generation, but the fact lives that this lion-hearted old man early opposed negro slavery, fought it in the Society, wrote and preached against it, and was chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of the act that on July 4, 1827, gave freedom to every slave within the limits of the State of New York. Therein he wrote for himself a nobler

epitaph than could have been graven by the hand of man.

From Jericho, with its memories of Hicks, it is scant eight miles to Roslyn, long the home of William Cullen Bryant, and for that reason destined in future years to become dear to every worshipper at the shrine of genius and pure renown. It has a history running well back into the last century, but was a village of only a few hundred souls when Bryant first visited it in 1843, and making it his place of summer abiding, soon grew to regard it as the most beautiful spot he had ever seen. Love of nature was his absorbing passion, and to this taste Roslyn ministered with gentle prodigality, furnishing the inspiration for many of his sweetest poems. Though he yearly made his pilgrimage back to his New England home at Cummington, in the Hampshire Hills, Roslyn grew to be the place he loved best in all the world, and in his latter years he hurried to it early in the spring and lingered there until late in the fall.

The Quaker homestead to which Bryant gave the name of Cedarmere and in which

he dwelt for thirty-five years, is a roomy, rambling structure, in the colonial style, with broad piazzas, quaint extensions, and heavy oaken timbers as stanch and perfect as when they were put in place a hundred and ten years ago. It stands on a bench in the hillside, flanked on the one hand by a lake and brook and on the other by a garden teeming with flower-beds and fruit. Before and below it the glimmering harbor spreads its ever-changing, charming panorama. Inside Cedarmere are wide, open grates, huge-throated chimneys, and antique balustrades, while a broad hallway runs the entire length of the house, which has altered little since Bryant knew and loved it. Reverent hands keep it from neglect, and each day finds some visitor knocking at the old-fashioned door for a ramble over the poet's home. His grave is in the village cemetery, whose burial-stones whiten the slope of a neighboring hill. The lot is large and hemmed in by trees, with a plain granite shaft in the centre. On one side of the shaft is recorded the death of Fanny Bryant, the poet's wife, who was "the beloved disciple of Christ, exemplary

CEDARMERE, HOME OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

in every relation of life, affectionate, sympathetic, sincere, and ever occupied with the welfare of others." On the other side there is simply the poet's name and birthplace, and the time of his birth and death. No epitaph is given and none is needed.

Our journey through and around Long Island ended, as we had planned that it should, at Flushing, to-day a town of handsome modern homes, but haunted by the spirit of its Dutch and Puritan founders and of the Huguenots and Quakers who followed after them. It was in 1672 that that immortal zealot, George Fox, came to Flushing, sent by Penn, who saw among the Long Islanders, many of them, for conscience' sake self-exiled from England, a promising field for the simple faith of the Friends. John Bowne, a well-to-do tradesman, was his first convert. Fox made Bowne's house his home during his stay in Flushing, and in one corner of it is still shown the lounge on which he rested after his impassioned outpourings in the open air. Later Bowne's indiscreet hospitality led to his banishment to Holland, but he turned

his punishment to good effect by pleading the cause of the Quakers and returning with an order for the tolerance of the persecuted people.

The house, whose doors Bowne opened to the apostle of his new-found creed, still stands upon the site its builder selected for it in 1661, and though built of wood has remained unaltered to the present day. Nor through all the changes of more than two hundred years has it ever left the possession of its first owner's family, being now the property of a lineal descendant of John Bowne. After serving as a meeting-place for the Friends for more than a generation, Bowne's house was relinquished for the occupancy of a more substantial building erected in 1696, now the oldest Quaker meeting-house in the State, and perhaps in the country. This structure was the home of the brethren for upward of a century and is yet standing practically unchanged on its original site near the main street of Flushing. When Fox came to the village a number of Huguenot families had been settled there for several years. Few, if any,

of their descendants remain, as the emigres soon returned to the Old World, leaving behind them, however, a graceful reminder of their stay in an industry which has since been distinctive of the town, for to them is due the credit of establishing the first nurseries in America and the planting of the trees which form the chief beauty of the village streets.

Nor is Flushing wanting in memorials of the Revolutionary era. The house occupied by Washington during the patriot operations on Long Island has since been demolished, but the Garretson House, which was built, tradition has it, in 1642, and is still standing in Main Street, was used during the Hessian occupation as a hospital for soldiers, while old St. George's Church across the way served as the stable for the horses of the detachment quartered in the neighborhood. Thus does the past touch elbow with the present in shady, leafy, and delightful Flushing.

# CHAPTER III

## RAMBLES IN OLD NEW YORK

Old New York lies buried beneath the tidal wave of its own material prosperity. The modern city, busy with the present and its plans for gain, not only adds to itself, but incessantly rends itself in pieces. Caring little for the visible reminders of a storied past, it replaces and rebuilds with an unsparing hand. Nor is this violence confined to the invasion of domesticity by trade; it goes on without ceasing in the oldest trading quarters, and a white-haired veteran whose business life has been passed in and about the Rialto of Manhattan is authority for the statement that within his memory Wall Street has been thrice entirely rebuilt, with the exception of about half a dozen houses. Thus, the person who seeks to retrace in brick and mortar the New York of earlier days has small reward for his labor. Not here but across the sea to Holland must

he go if he would find houses like those in which the stolid, sturdy burghers of New Amsterdam made their homes. He will search, too, almost in vain for structures belonging to the Revolutionary era, and for the homes of the city's makers during later periods of its history. And yet his quest, if followed with industry and a fair measure of patience, will be interesting and instructive in the highest degree.

If such a quest begins where New York began—at the Battery, one finds just south of the present Bowling Green the site of Fort Amsterdam, erected about 1626 to shelter the Dutch adventurers who had come to trade with the Indians. Under the protection of its guns, during the same year, was founded the town of New Amsterdam, hand in hand with which went the Dutch dynasty which lasted till 1664, when England seized the prize she had long secretly coveted. The tangle of streets below the Bowling Green still bears witness to the random, haphazard fashion in which the town came into being. Each settler built his house where he pleased, and made lanes and streets ac-

cording to the dictates of his own fancy. One of the two important thoroughfares of of the town, following the line of the present Stone and Pearl Streets,—the latter then the water front,—led from the fort to the Brooklyn ferry, at about the present Peck Slip. The other, on the line of the present Broadway, led from the fort, past farms and gardens, as far as the present Park Row; and along the line of that thoroughfare, and of Chatham Street and of the Bowery, went on to the island's northern end.

When in August, 1664, an English fleet captured New Amsterdam, and renamed it in honor of the Duke of York, the western side of the town, from the Bowling Green northward, was a wilderness of orchards and gardens and green fields, while on the eastern side the farthest outlying dwelling was Wolfert Webber's roadside tavern near the present Chatham Square. There were then only a dozen buildings north of the present Wall Street, and the business interests of the town centred in the block between Bridge and Stone Streets, upon which stood the stone houses of the Dutch West

India Company. On the line of Broad Street, then called the Heere Graft, ran a canal with a roadway on each side, and here dwelt much of the quality of that early day.

However, under both Dutch and English the Battery was the favorite promenade, and till the middle decades of the closing century some of the wealthiest and most socially distinguished people of the town lived in the lower part of Greenwich Street, in State Street, and around the Bowling Green. And well they might do so, for living there was living on a park with a grand park view. Indeed, the whilom prospect from the windows and balconies of such houses as the one yet standing at No. 7 State Street across the greensward and through the elms of the Battery included Castle Garden and the sea-wall, the bay with its islands, and the Long Island and Jersey shores. The Bay of New York, now made tame and commonplace by what is called prosperity, was then the pride of those who dwelt about it; and travelled strangers who had seen the Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn did not stint their praises of the beauty surrounded by which

New York sat like a Western Venice upon the waters.

Superb was the view from the Battery in the old days, and glorious are the wraiths who still haunt its paves and shaded places. Talleyrand, self-exiled from France, an hundred-odd years ago often paced slowly along where thousands now move, who, perhaps, never heard of him. After Talleyrand came Louis Philippe and Jerome Bonaparte, both of whom knew and admired the Battery. Lafayette walked its sea-wall and gazed out on the bay, and here sauntered that audacious traitor, Benedict Arnold, ruined by an ungovernable temper and a Tory wife. Here, in the same strenuous days, came Clinton and Cornwallis, and here through the vista of half a century we witness the New World's loud-voiced welcome to Kossuth. Nor is the fact to be forgotten that in ancient Castle Garden, transformed from a fort into an opera house, Jenny Lind one autumn night in 1850 began the triumphal progress which made the name of that richly dowered queen of song a household word in every nook and corner of America.

Trending due east from State Street, the northern boundary of the Battery, and cutting it at right angles are two narrow passageways, which in these days would be looked upon almost as alleys. But one of them is the beginning of the once important thoroughfare, Pearl Street, known first as Great Queen Street, which, starting here in a line with Broadway, and within a few yards of its head, curves round towards the East River, and, expanding first at Hanover and then at Franklin Square, enters Broadway next above Duane Street, and directly opposite where the gray walls of the New York Hospital were seen a generation ago, removed from the rush and roar of the great thoroughfare by an avenue through grass that, we are told, seemed ever green and under elms that overtopped the highest house.

Before Water, Front, and South Streets were created by the filling in of the East River, Pearl Street faced the water front, and along its reaches a century ago all the shipping of the port was harbored. Here, too, were the yards of the ship-builders, and

the shops and warehouses of the merchants. Hanover Square was long the shopping centre of fashion, and till within a few years there stood in Nassau and upper Pearl Streets residences of a stately elegance which would now be sought in vain below Central Park. All of these have since been swept away, and the only visible reminder of the Pearl Street of other days is ancient Fraunces's Tavern, still standing and in use on the corner of that thoroughfare and Broad Street. The site of this house once belonged to the De Lancey family, and in 1750 Oliver De Lancey seems to have had his residence either here or in the house adjoining, but in 1754 a tavern is found here, under the sign of the Queen's Head, and eight years later the property passed by deed into the ownership of Samuel Fraunces, a noted publican, who speedily made it the most popular hostelry in the growing town.

When the Revolution came Fraunces proved a stanch friend of the patriot cause, and played a worthy, if modest, part in the stirring events of the time. In 1776 he went out with the patriots, but appears later

to have returned to the city, perhaps by British permission under arrangement with Washington, and to have resided there during at least part of the British occupation, as his generous advances to the American prisoners at that time confined in the city prompted a vote of thanks and a handsome grant of money from Congress. It was in the Long Room of Fraunces's Tavern that, at the close of the military movements attending the taking possession of the city on the evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783, Governor Clinton gave a dinner to the commander-in-chief and other general officers of the patriot forces, but the event by reason of which this famous old inn will always claim a place in our history occurred nine days later, when, on December 4, 1783, in this same Long Room, Washington took touching and solemn farewell of his generals before departing upon his journey to Annapolis, where he surrendered his commission to Congress. Mine host Fraunces was not forgotten in the bestowal of rewards which followed the success of the patriot cause and the founding of the republic.

When, in 1789, Washington returned to New York to be inaugurated President of the United States and took up his residence here, he made Fraunces steward of his household, a post for which the latter was admirably fitted, and which he filled to the satisfaction of all concerned; and so his humble name has a place in our annals side by side with that of his great patron.

Fraunces's Tavern was probably built in the summer or autumn of 1753. It was originally three stories high, a lofty building for those early days, and built of brick brought from Golden's yard in Amsterdam. It is still a public-house, and has never been otherwise since it was first opened for that purpose. In 1853 a fire visited the building, but did no serious damage. In the repairs made at that time the Dutch roof surmounting the house was torn down and replaced by two additional flat-topped stories. The lower floor of the house retained its original shape until 1890, when the old walls were torn down and replaced by a pretentious stone front, and the old tap-room, scene of so many merry gatherings in the vanished

days, was converted into a modern bar-room. Fortunately, however, these modern improvements stopped short of the Long Room on the second floor. This is an apartment forty-three feet in length and twenty in width. Its walls are hung with a picture of the old tavern, a faded and time-worn copy of the Declaration of Independence, a portrait of Washington, and other articles eloquent of the history and associations of the place. Save for the paper on the walls and the laying of a new floor, the Long Room has not been changed since Washington stood there. The antique wall-cupboard holds its long-accustomed place, and just across the narrow hallway is the old kitchen, unchanged save by the introduction of a modern range. On the third floor are several small rooms built for the guests of the tavern, rarely used at present, but which, except as to furniture, stand just as they did a hundred years ago.

In the upper part of New York are two other houses associated with the Revolutionary period and its heroes,—the Jumel mansion and Hamilton Grange. No house in

America has a more varied and interesting history than the first of these, which stands on Washington Heights. Frederick Philipse, descendant of a noble Bohemian family and second lord of Philipse Manor on the Hudson, had a charming daughter, Mary by name, who, tradition has it, declined the hand of George Washington, then a colonel of militia and counted one of the rising men of the province. She became a little later the wife of Roger Morris, aide to Braddock and Washington's companion in arms in the disastrous fight in which the British general lost his life. They were married in January, 1758, and the bride's dowry in her own right was a large domain, plate, jewelry, and money, while she received as a wedding present from her brother, third and last lord of the manor, the house on Washington Heights. Here Colonel Morris and his wife lived in princely style until the Revolution. Then the husband espoused the royalist cause, and with his family was compelled to seek safety in flight.

The Morris mansion was seized by the Continental troops, and in the summer of

JUMEL MANSION, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

1776 Washington made his head-quarters in the deserted home of his former successful rival for a fair woman's hand. The apartment occupied by Washington as a sleeping-room is shown to visitors, so also are the room at the end of the great hall used as a council-chamber by the general and his staff, and the tree on the lawn to which the former was accustomed to tie his horse. Compelled to face an army of veterans which outnumbered his band of raw recruits two to one, Washington, after several disastrous skirmishes, in the early autumn of 1776 retreated across the Hudson River into New Jersey. It was after this retreat that the Morris mansion played its part in one of the most exciting incidents of his military career. On the crown of the heights, a mile to the north of the mansion, the patriots at the opening of the war had built a fort with strong outworks, called Fort Washington. When the retreat into New Jersey was ordered, one thousand men were left behind to garrison the fort, but were at once besieged in strong force by the British and their Hessian and Tory allies. From Fort

Lee, on the Palisades opposite, Washington anxiously watched their advance, and realizing the danger that menaced the garrison, decided to abandon the fort. His council, however, overruled him, and reënforcements were sent. Still, the siege went on, and a demand was made for a surrender. Informed of this, Washington crossed the river, with Generals Putnam, Greene, and Mercer, and cautiously made his way to the Morris mansion. From an upper room of the house he was making a hurried survey of the condition of affairs at the fort, when the pretty wife of a Pennsylvania soldier, who had followed her husband to the field, and who on the present occasion had followed the chief from the river, stole to his side and whispered something in his ear. Instantly Washington ordered his companions into the saddle, and they galloped post-haste back to the boats that had brought them from the Jersey shore. Fifteen minutes after their hurried flight from the house a British regiment, which had been quietly climbing the heights, appeared in front of it. A woman's quick eyes had been the first

to discover its approach, and her timely warning had saved Washington and his generals from capture, and averted a heavy, perhaps a fatal blow to the patriot cause. The fort fell after a fight that strewed the Heights thick with graves.

Morris was an active royalist, and, as a consequence, at the close of the war his property, and his wife's as well, was declared confiscated; but the title to the house remained in dispute until, in 1810, John Jacob Astor bought up the claim of the Morris heirs. By Astor the house was sold, a little later, to Stephen Jumel, and thus entered upon another brilliant period of its history. Jumel, after a stirring and adventurous youth, had settled in New York, and, prospering in business, had become one of the merchant princes of his time. When his fortune was secured he wooed and courted a beautiful New England girl, and purchased the Morris mansion as a home for his bride. The old house was refitted with hangings, plate, and furniture brought from France, madame's drawing-room being furnished with chairs and divans that had been

the property of hapless Marie Antoinette. The Jumels entertained on a lordly scale, and their New Year's feasts were counted among the most memorable social events of the period. Jerome Bonaparte, he who married and deserted high-spirited Betty Patterson, was a frequent visitor at their home, and when they visited Paris after the death of Napoleon they were received in the most exclusive salons. A portrait of madame painted during this trip shows a beautiful and charming matron, with finely cut, aristocratic features, and clad in a robe of blue velvet, with collars and lappets of lace.

The husband died in 1832, and a year later the widow made the acquaintance of Aaron Burr, the latter then almost an octogenarian, but still retaining in generous measure the powers of fascination that fifty years before had given him so much success with women. Burr was old and poor and under a cloud; madame was rich, courted, and unwilling to wed again; but he pushed his suit with an ardor that would not brook refusal, and finally, after repeated rebuffs,

told her that on a certain day he should come with a clergyman, and she must then yield to his importunities. He kept his word; and one sunny afternoon in July, riding up in state to the great portico, accompanied by the minister who half a century before had married him to the mother of his daughter, Theodosia, he insisted that Madame Jumel should then and there become his wife. Alarmed and dismayed, but fearing a scandal, and urged by her relatives to give way, she reluctantly consented, and they were married in the great drawing-room of the mansion. In this same room, a few days later,—so the gossips told the story,—madame discovered Burr in the act of kissing a pretty maid, and soundly boxing his ears, ordered him from the house. Be this as it may, Parton, than whom we could have no better authority, says that Burr rapidly squandered his wife's wealth, and when she demanded an accounting coolly informed her that it was none of her affairs and that her husband could manage her estate. Quite naturally there were bitter quarrels between the ill-matched couple, fol-

lowed by tardy reconciliations, and at last, in 1834, a divorce. Madame survived her separation from Burr thirty-one years, dying in 1865. Her last years contrasted strangely with her youth and middle life. Wilful always, her eccentricities became more manifest as age crept upon her. Towards the end she lived like a recluse and miser, seeing few visitors, and hoarding the fruits of her estate in an unused chamber, and her death was a sad and a lonely one. The Jumel mansion is now owned and occupied by a family of wealth and culture, who take pride in its history. Strongly built, it is in an excellent state of preservation, promising to outlive another century, and nowhere can a more delightful hour be spent than in wandering about its rooms and the surrounding grounds. Washington's old council-chamber is now a dancing-room, and the kitchen has been converted into a billiard-room, but the drawing-room in which madame and Burr were married, and the room on the second floor in which the former died, are unchanged, and no "modern improvements" mar the solid, antique exterior of the house,

which reminds one of an aged aristocrat standing proudly silent among the noise and clamor of struggling nobodies.

Hamilton Grange, the country home that Alexander Hamilton built for himself and his family in 1802, no longer occupies its original site. It stood until a few years ago on Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-second Street, but now adjoins St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, of which it is the rectory. Hamilton Grange, when bought by Hamilton and called after the family estate in Scotland, included the plot extending from St. Nicholas Avenue to Tenth Avenue, and from One Hundred and Forty-first to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Streets. It then stood eight miles from the centre of the city, and Hamilton chose it mainly for the quiet and seclusion it offered. Here, when the house was finished, he brought his gracious wife and seven young children, and here, no doubt, for he was then but forty-six, and in the full prime of his magnificent powers, he hoped to pass many happy and honored years. But a sad awakening was to follow this pleasant dream.

On the morning of July 11, 1804, he rode forth to face the pistol of an adversary, and in the wooded glade at Weehawken Aaron Burr's bullet laid him low. A few hours later friends brought him, desperately wounded, to a house in Greenwich village, where he died the next day. He is buried in Trinity church-yard.

The old house is a square two-story structure, with a basement, plainly built of deal boards, and painted an olive green. There are verandas for the first story on the east and west sides, and at the rear a long flight of steps runs down sidewise from the rear porch. The main entrance is fronted by a roomy porch, where Mrs. Hamilton, the daughter of General Philip Schuyler, used to wait for her husband, when in the warm summer afternoons he came galloping up the King's Road from his office in the distant town, and where they sat together on pleasant evenings, and perhaps watched the growth of the thirteen gum-trees Hamilton had planted in honor of the thirteen original States. These trees are still standing, a little to the southeast of the first site of the

house, while other trees stud the lawn, and a ragged border of box, showing the growth of years, runs along the abandoned carriage drive. The front door of the house opens into a small hallway, and to the right is a spacious room used by Hamilton as a library and study. Adjoining it, also on the right, is the dining-room, low-studded, octagonal in shape, and having a bay-window at the east. The wood-work, the white marble mantel, and the fireplace are severe in irony of human hopes and ambitions.

Three Presidents of the republic have lived and two have died in New York. The house at 123 Lexington Avenue was once the home of Chester A. Arthur, and it was there that he died; and an old-fashioned, Dutch-roofed structure, yet standing at the corner of Prince and Marion Streets, was the last residence of James Monroe. After the death of his wife, in 1830, ex-President Monroe removed to New York and lived with his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouveneur, once postmaster of the city, at 63 Prince Street, then a fashionable thoroughfare. He was in feeble health when he came, and

died on July 4, 1831. His body rested in the Marble Cemetery in East Second Street for twenty-seven years; but in 1858 it was disinterred at the request of the State of Virginia, and removed to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, where it now lies. The Prince Street house shows signs of age and neglect. It stands amid squalid surroundings, and now does duty as a Hungarian restaurant.

In the house at 3 East Sixty-sixth Street General Grant passed the most heroic period of his life. The house was bought by friends of the general and presented to Mrs. Grant soon after their return from Europe in 1879. Here the long illness that ended at Mount McGregor came upon him, and here, battling grimly with death, he wrote his memoirs, in order that his wife and children might not want after he was gone. It was the greatest battle of his life, and the picture of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains he knew he could never enjoy, is one to which history offers no parallel. He won

in this race with death, and finished his task a few days before the end came.

An apartment-house has replaced the old home of General Scott at 136 West Twentieth Street, but the house in which Admiral Farragut lived for several years, and in which he died in September, 1870, is still standing, at 113 East Thirty-sixth Street. The same is true of the house in which Horace Greeley erstwhile lived at 35 East Nineteenth Street. This is a three-story brick building, now devoted to business purposes. Here the founder of the *Tribune* and his daughters dwelt for many years, and in an upper room in this house he wrote his "History of the American Conflict" and did other notable work. The house at 10 Washington Place, in which Commodore Vanderbilt lived a score of years, and in which he died, was replaced a few years ago by a warehouse, and a similar fate has befallen the last home of the first John Jacob Astor, at 37 Lafayette Place. In Depau Row, in West Bleeker Street, stood until recently a dilapidated house in which Alexander T. Stewart lived for many years, be-

fore he built the marble pile which is now the home of the Manhattan Club. The old house of Peter Cooper is still standing, at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue. It stood, when first built, on the present site of Cooper Institute. William M. Tweed, in the early days of his remarkable career, lived at 197 Henry Street, moving from there to 511 Fifth Avenue, from which he made his sensational escape. An earlier home of Tweed was 193 Madison Street.

The brownstone house at 5 West Twenty-second Street was for a long time the city home of Samuel F. B. Morse. Here he lived for many years after the invention of the telegraph brought him wealth and fame, and here he died on April 2, 1872. A modest house at 36 Beach Street was for nearly forty years the home of John Ericsson, and in this house the great engineer breathed his last March 8, 1889. Here the "Monitor" and many other famous inventions were designed and perfected. The house is now used as an industrial school, where the children of emigrants are given a training that

in future years will make them useful and patriotic citizens,—a fitting and worthy mission for the old home of one of the greatest of the adopted sons of the republic.

The house at 173 Houston Street, long owned and occupied by William E. Burton, has given way to a business structure, and tenement-houses have replaced the early homes of Lester and James W. Wallack at 12½ and 151 Crosby Street. However, the house at 436 West Twenty-second Street, in which Edwin Forrest once lived, stands very much as he left it, even as to its interior and furniture. In this house the tragedian and his beautiful English wife, Catherine Sinclair, dwelt for several years, holding receptions at which William Cullen Bryant, Parke Goodwin, Nathaniel P. Willis, and other notable men were frequent guests; and here occurred the sudden, mysterious quarrel, of which no one has ever been able to discover the real cause, and which ended in the divorce suit that helped to make the fame of Charles O'Conor. It is a wide-front dwelling of brick, two stories and a basement, with a mansard-

roof that is really a third story. The entrance is by a broad stone staircase, set near the centre of the front. When Forrest bought the property it had a big garden in the rear, which is still there, fenced about with ornamental walls of wood, decked in these later days with a profusion of trailing vines and greenery. Tradition has it that the actor bought the place of a wealthy Englishman, who built it seventy years ago as the exact counterpart of the English home of his wife, designing thus to cure the homesickness to which the latter had fallen a victim.

It has been the home for many years past of a wealthy retired merchant, who, with a love for bric-à-brac and ample means for its gratification, has gather there one of the choice art collections of the town, and made it a storehouse literally overflowing with things as costly and curious as they are beautiful. Every inch of wall in the house is covered with art ornaments, and the old-fashioned spiral staircase, so often referred to by witnesses in the famous divorce trial, is decked with rugs and other trimmings.

A fortune has been expended on ivory carvings, displayed in cabinets of Louis XV.'s time, and there are rare old bronzes, queer andirons, and costly porcelains. Richly embroidered chairs from the castle at Fontainebleau are grouped around the open fireplace, and the north wall of the reception-parlor is crowded with fine old miniatures. On the eastern wall are two photographs in oval silver frames. They are portraits of Forrest and his wife. The actor's face has an amiable expression not found in his other photographs. The owner spent years in patient search before he secured the photograph of Mrs. Forest, which represents her in her youth, when her beauty of face was famous. Timepieces of bygone times, including both clocks and watches, are hung on the southern wall, over a satin-lined case filled with lotus-leaf carvings in ivory.

A noteworthy feature of the dining-room is a tall cabinet, containing a complete dinner service, which Louis Philippe once used at the Tuileries, and which bears the royal crest. Old silver fills other cabinets in the

hallway outside, and oil-paintings, antique swords, and ancient armor cover the walls of the spiral stairway from floor to ceiling. When the owner could no longer find room for his treasures in the house itself he went out to the porch and the garden beyond. He put things among the plants and flowers, and filled the porch with armor, lamps, lanterns, panels, wood-carvings, and rare rugs. On this porch Forrest used to sit on summer evenings and sip, in the intervals of pleasant familiar talk, the delicious mint-juleps that his wife brewed for him and his friends, and of which he was very fond. Mint-juleps were then just coming into favor, and Mrs. Forrest had reduced the mixing of them to a fine art. Books are stored on the second floor of the house, where Forrest had his library; and the top story, where the tragedian had his wardrobe and dressing-room, has become a bachelor's den and library, where the present owner's son passes his leisure hours. All in all the old home of Forrest is a curiously beautiful house, made interesting not alone by past associations, but also by the patient zeal and enlightened

taste which have wrought its present adornment.

There are few reminders in brick and mortar or wood of the literary New York of earlier days, but among them are the house Washington Irving built for his New York residence, and the Poe cottage at Fordham. The first named stands on the southwest corner of Irving Place and East Seventeenth Street,—a low-browed brick structure, looking as sturdy and strong as any of its more youthful neighbors. It was built for the great writer, and became the centre of a little family settlement, from which Irving Place took its name. It fronts on Irving Place, but can be entered only from Seventeenth Street. Irving would not permit a door and steps in front, for he loved to sit in the big room that in his day occupied the entire ground story of the house and to gaze through ample windows down the hill, at the East River, filled with craft bound to and from the Sound. This was Irving's favorite room. Here he wrote, drank, and sat on long winter evenings before the great fireplace, with his pipe and his thoughts for

company. The house had, besides this big room, three sleeping-rooms upstairs, of which the front one was the author's, and in the basement a tiny kitchen and a good-sized dining-room. Before the front windows on Irving Place hangs an iron balcony, and this, on those rare summer evenings when he was in New York, was his favorite seat. Most of the pleasant summer days he passed, even while New York was his main place of residence, along the shores of the Hudson or in the Catskills. His occupancy of the house ended not long after his return from Spain, where he had filled the post of American minister; but the building remained the property of the Irving family for many years.

A few minutes' walk from the railroad station at Fordham, forty years ago a quiet country village, but now fast becoming a part of the Greater New York, stands the cottage in which Edgar Allan Poe passed the last and beyond doubt the most peaceful years of his feverish life. It is a simple affair, built more than seventy years ago, long, low, and box-shaped. The sides, as

well as the roof, are shingled. A broad porch shades the entrance, and near by grows a vigorous cherry-tree planted by Poe in 1847, and which rarely fails to bring out a full crop of fruit. On the lower floor of the cottage there are two large square rooms and a kitchen. The middle room was used by Poe as a dining- and sitting-room, and here he received his visitors, until his wife became ill. She then occupied the front room as a bedroom, and it was there she died. The second floor has three low-ceilinged rooms, and the front room, which was the same size as the one below, was, it is said, Poe's favorite room. An old-fashioned brick chimney runs up through the roof, and has an open fireplace, where a cheerful fire can blaze and crackle in winter. In this room "Ullalume" and "Eureka," two of his best-known poems, were written. Poe rented the cottage in the spring of 1846, and went with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, to live there. His wife, Virginia, was then suffering from consumption. She rallied for a time, but soon again began to fail, and died in the following year. The grounds about

the cottage comprise about two acres, and slope away into a grassy, shady hollow. A ledge of rocks overlooks the cliff and the valley below. To the east the view stretches into Connecticut, and over the Sound to the hills of Long Island, blue and shadowy in the distance. Here Poe spent the quietest and happiest days of his life. His expenses were small, and his duties only such as he cared to assume. He took long walks, often going to the city on foot, and his labors were lightened by visits from friends and admirers. But the end came all too soon. A few months after the death of his wife Poe set out on his fatal trip to Baltimore, and a fortnight later silence had fallen upon one of the strangest geniuses of his time.

One other interesting reminder of the New York of other days calls for closing mention. Audubon, the ornithologist, after an adventurous career that had led him over half the world, in 1841, at the age of sixty, bought the property now known as Audubon Park. It consisted of forty-four acres, all heavily wooded, and at that time was almost as re-

mote from the city as a lodge in the Catskills. Here he built his house, his nearest neighbor being Madame Jumel. The naturalist took with him a colony of workmen,—carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons,—and houses were built in the woods for their shelter while the manor-house went up. Fifty years ago the journey to New York was by no means an easy one, and Audubon raised his own vegetables, and at one time killed his own meat. The Audubon mansion was the scene of the final triumph of S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. In 1843, when Morse was setting up his first line of telegraph between Philadelphia and New York, its New Jersey terminus was at Fort Lee, opposite Audubon Park. The wire and instruments were carried across the river in a row-boat, and the instrument set up in the laundry of the mansion. From this old room, in which there has been no change in half a century, the first telegraph message ever sent from Manhattan Island was flashed across the wire to Philadelphia, recording the success of the experiment. It was sent in the presence of Morse, Audubon,

and the latter's family. Between 1843 and 1845 Audubon was absent in the West. Soon after his return from this trip his health gave way, he being first afflicted with a loss of memory. He spent hours in endeavoring to paint, and would burst into tears to find that his efforts were in vain. He had broken his right arm in his youth by a fall from a horse, and had taught himself to paint equally well with either hand, but in this strait both hands had lost their cunning. In 1847 his bedchamber was moved downstairs, adjoining his old painting-room, and there he died, in February, 1851.

The old house has been much changed since it passed from the possession of the Audubon family in 1864. A mansard-roof has been added, and bow-windows extended from the front and rear sides. The basement, however, and the first floor have been little altered since the house was built, and standing, as it does, well out of the beaten tracks of trade and travel, it serves to add zest and pleasure to the quest of any searcher after brick-and-mortar reminders of old New York.

# CHAPTER IV

## IN THE WAKE OF THE PATROONS

"It is but truth to say that the manor for generations was the domain of potentates who had more personal prerogative and power within their limit than are possessed by any civilized ruler of the present time. The condition of their numerous tenants was little better than that of serfs: the latter's freedom, fortunes, and, on occasion, lives were at the mercy and disposal of their lord and master; and if the venerable manor-hall, the old horse-chestnut-tree that stands near it, and the stream that in other years came plunging without check over its rocky bed,—if all these, like the Greek sculptor's marble maid, could of a sudden become endowed with the gift of tongues and tell us of the past of which they were witnesses, we should have revealed to us the vastness of the difference between the feudalism of those days, perhaps more merciful but surely not

less potent than that of William the Conqueror, and the widespread and safely-guarded freedom of to-day."

This is not a fanciful sketch, nor does it have reference to a remote era and another country. It is copied from the history of the county of Westchester, and is a careful, truth-loving man's final summing up of the conditions existing a brief century and a quarter ago on the wide-reaching estates of the lord of the manor of Philipsburg, by no means, it may be added, the wealthiest or most powerful of the patroons, who then divided between them the ownership and almost absolute rule of the fairest portion of the British province of New York.

The patroons went out with the Revolution. The alien system of which they were the exemplars was wholly opposed to the love of liberty and the strenuous demand for equality which lay behind that great conflict, and a generation sufficed to work the almost complete extinction of their power and privileges. In passing, however, they left behind them some splendid reminders of their sway, and a visit to these mute sur-

vivals of another era gives a clearer idea of colonial New York than could be obtained in any other way.

When it was ended I rejoiced, and with reason, that a recent pilgrimage to the land of the patroons had its beginning in Albany, for the quiet old capital town is the centre of the most important portion of the Dutch settlements along the Hudson River among which the patroon system had its birth in America. When Hendrik Hudson first explored the stream that bears his name he was unable to sail the "Half Moon" as far as Albany, but five of his sailors made their way by boat to the future site of that city. This was in 1609, and five years later the place was settled by the establishment there of a trading post of the United Netherlands Company, the site selected being an island just below the present city. The venture resulting in a profitable fur trade with the Mohicans, in 1623, a stockade was built on the mainland, which, in honor of the Prince of the Netherlands, was called Fort Orange.

Colonists were now sent over from Holland, and, in 1629, the patroon system of that

country was introduced on the Hudson, Killian Van Rensselaer, a wealthy pearl merchant of Amsterdam, prominent in the Dutch West India Company, being given a patroonship by the States-General which extended from the mouth of the Mohawk to Baerren Island, below Albany. This grant, called Rensselaerwyck, was made by successive enlargements to stretch twenty-four miles back from the river on each side, so that it finally covered a surface forty-eight by twenty-four miles in extent. To this lordly domain the patroon held absolute title, with feudal rights and privileges that made the lot of the colonists an irksome one. The patroonship was inherited by his son Johannes, and descended by entail through five generations, when laws were enacted barring further succession. General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last patroon, died in 1839, and his son Stephen, sixth of the line, in 1868, at the age of eighty years.

The first settlement in the patroon's domain early became a centre of the fur trade, and a town grew up around Fort Orange, the name of which was changed, in 1664,

to Albany. As the burghers increased in numbers they began to take leases of the adjacent lands from the patroon, to whom they agreed to pay fixed rentals. Following the American Revolution Stephen Van Rensselaer adopted the policy of leasing farms in perpetuity upon the nominal consideration for eight years of "a pepper-corn a year," at the end of which time the leases drew a rent estimated to be the interest at six per cent. on the value of the land at about five dollars an acre, payable in the production of the soil and in personal service. When he died, the entail being abolished, he divided the manor between his two sons, Stephen getting the lands on the west and William those on the east bank of the Hudson.

The old patroon had been an indulgent landlord, but following his death the tenants became anxious about a clause in their leases which gave the owner the right to claim one-fourth of the proceeds whenever a farm passed by purchase, and proposed the buying of all reservations, so that they would be released from the rentals and become holders in fee. This offer was de-

clined by the Rensselaers, and there ensued one of the bitterest political conflicts ever known in American politics,—the anti-rent war. The counsel employed by the tenants to devise methods of relief advised that the landlord's right was absolute, but suggested that, while there was no legal remedy, it might be well to make the collections of rentals so difficult that the landlord would be willing to agree to a compromise. The tenants, it was pointed out, by banding together and giving each other notice of the approach of bailiffs, could make the service of process most difficult; and to this advice, in 1840, William H. Seward, then a candidate for re-election as governor of New York, added the recommendation that the "anti-renters" should organize and send to the Legislature men who would hold the balance of power between the great parties, and thus force the passage of laws relieving them.

Thus began the conflicts that convulsed New York politics and excited the State from one end to the other. Not only was a political party formed, but also other or-

ganizations which, masked as Indians, attacked the law officers, once at least with fatal results. The other manors of the State were equally excited, and the outbreaks continued until, in 1845, Silas Wright, the then governor of New York, issued a proclamation declaring Delaware County in a state of insurrection. The "anti-renters" made short work of Wright. In the following year they defeated him and elected their own candidate for governor, John Young, who promptly pardoned everybody who had been imprisoned for anti-rent crimes. The dispute found its way into the Legislature and finally into the courts. Tired of the controversy, the Van Rensselaers in the end sold all their rights to Colonel Church, who, sustained in his position by legal decisions, pursued a compromising policy which gradually quieted the agitation. He has released the rentals and given a fee-simple title, so that now three-fourths of the manor is free from rental.

Albany cherishes at least one interesting memento of the Van Rensselaers, who, true sons of the race from which they sprang,

were fond of their pipes and their schnapps, downright, sturdy men, each and all of them firm friends, good haters, and stout fighters, for at the northern end of Broadway, in grounds extending down to the Hudson, stands an ancient mansion, commonly called the "Patroon's," erected by him in 1765 and until recently occupied by his descendants,—a broad building, with a porch and wide central hall, upon the walls of which hangs paper of curious yet elaborate design, specially brought out from Holland.

More interesting still is the patroon's other residence at Greenbush, on the opposite side of the Hudson. The Greenbush house is most curiously planned. All of the rooms connect with each other, usually by means of closets, but as there are varying levels on the same story, the doors in some cases open several feet above the level of the floor of the lower room. There is no apparent reason for this difference of level, unless it was purposely designed to lessen the chances of capture should the house be taken by an enemy,—a supposition rendered probable by the exceeding thickness of the walls, still

pierced by two of the nine loopholes which once commanded the approaches. In this house General Abercrombie had his headquarters while marching to attack Fort Ticonderoga, in 1758, and it was at the cantonment to the east of it that Schuckburgh, the army surgeon, composed the famous song "Yankee Doodle."

The first mayor of Albany was Peter Schuyler, an able and ambitious man, who sought for many years to become the owner of an estate rivalling in size and value that of the lord of Rensselaerwyck. He succeeded, and, dying, left a manor of many thousand acres to his grandnephew and heir, Philip Schuyler, destined later to play so worthy a part in the history of the Revolutionary era. At the head of Schuyler Street, in the southern part of Albany, still stands the house long occupied by Schuyler and his wife, a daughter of the house of Rensselaer. This was the town residence of the Schuyler family. A mansion at Schuylerville, which, with the general's mills, was burned by Burgoyne in 1777, was their country-seat.

The house stands on a high eminence, and

in its early days was beautified by a wide stretch of lawn gently sloping towards the river. It is built entirely of brick, two stories high, with gabled roof and dormer-windows and fronted by a huge octagonal vestibule, very like the pilot-house of a river steamboat. Massive doors with heavy brass lock and chain give entrance into a hall of great length, lighted by high windows, one on each side of the vestibule. Opening into this hall on either hand are spacious parlors with wooden cornices, high mantel-pieces, and wide, deep fireplaces. The wainscot of each room is as high as a tall man's head, and the windows, set deep into the wall, reach almost from floor to ceiling.

From the rear of the hall a broad, winding stairway leads to the second floor, in the railing of which there is still faintly visible a scar made by the tomahawk of an Indian. Sight of this scar recalls an unusual and stirring story. In the summer of 1781 a band of Tories and Indians, secreted in the woods near the house, watched long for a favorable opportunity to capture General Schuyler and carry him off to Canada as a prisoner.

Schuyler, however, was on his guard against a movement of the kind, and when, one afternoon, he was told that a stranger wished to see him, he seized his fire-arms and hastily gathered his family about him in an upper room. Here it was discovered that the youngest child, an infant, had been left below asleep in its cradle, whereupon the general's third daughter, afterwards the wife of Stephen Van Rensselaer, rushed downstairs, caught up the child, and started back through the hall, just as the Indians and Tories rushed in through the servants' quarters in the rear. The foremost savage, catching a glimpse of the flying girl, hurled his tomahawk at her head, which barely missing her, struck the railing at the foot of the stairs. The Tory leader, believing her one of the servants, called out to know where her master was, when, with signal presence of mind, she called back that he had gone to alarm the town. Schuyler, leaning from an open window, fired his pistol in the air and shouted to imaginary friends, "Come on, my brave boys, and we've got them!" whereupon the intruders beat a hasty retreat.

From the spacious upper windows of the Schuyler House a far-reaching view may be had of the hill-flanked Hudson, while directly beneath lies the city, and idling there one is tempted, in fancy at least, to scan the strange, shadowy panorama of whose slow unfolding this old mansion has been the silent witness. Forts, on either hand, protect the quaint Dutch town, while English officers and men and sturdy provincials crowd the narrow streets. Abercrombie and Howe are leading an army of seven thousand regulars and nine thousand provincials against Montcalm and his treacherous Indian allies in the North; while in the South, a young Virginian colonel, Washington by name, is, under Braddock, laying the foundation of a great career. Then, after a brief interval of peace, comes the struggle for independence. Albany has become a rendezvous for the patriot forces pressing northward, and its streets are again filled with soldiery. Finally Burgoyne is routed at Saratoga, and he with Baron Reidesel and his other officers are on their way here to be entertained by Schuyler with such

marked kindness and attention that the British commander was led to express his deep regret at having burned his host's mills and country-seat at Schuylerville. "That, general," said Schuyler, "is but the fortune of war," an answer which prompted the Briton to always speak of the American as one of the noblest men he had ever met. Nor was this praise undeserved, for Schuyler was a man whose influence ever kept pace with his activity. Washington and Lafayette were among those who gave him their confidence and honored his home with their presence. Here, too, in 1780, Alexander Hamilton was married to Schuyler's daughter, Elizabeth, the gifted and gracious woman whom Burr's animosity was to doom a few years later to a long and desolate widowhood. The Schuyler mansion is now part of the estate of the late Mrs. Fillmore, who was the Widow McIntosh, and lived here until her marriage with the ex-President, which took place in the house.

In the years when old Peter Schuyler was building up the fortune which he bequeathed to his son he took into his employ a young

Scot, named Robert Livingston, to whom in time he gave his daughter Alida in marriage. Livingston had ability and the Scotchman's knack for getting on in the world. Before he was twenty-two he was "secretary of Albany." A little later he began to purchase desirable lands along the Hudson from the Indians, acquiring property so rapidly that at the age of thirty-two he had become an influential proprietor, his estate being erected into the manor and lordship of Livingston with attendant privileges by a grant from Governor Dongan, of New York, subsequently confirmed by a royal charter from George I. The manor consisted of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand acres, and embraced large parts of what are now the counties of Dutchess and Columbia.

But the first Livingston did more than build up a great fortune. He was the founder, also, of a race of patriots and men of affairs. His son Philip, second lord of the manor, was a merchant in New York, a brilliant social figure and a member of both the Provincial Assembly and the Coun-

cil. Philip's eldest son, Robert, third lord of the manor, took small part in public affairs, but his three brothers were all men of repute and power. Peter was a great merchant in New York and president of the first Provincial Congress; Philip, his father's namesake, signed the Declaration of Independence, served in the Continental Congress, and was one of the founders of King's College, now Columbia University; while the fourth brother, William, was governor of New Jersey during the Revolution.

The first lord of the manor, while leaving the bulk of his estate to his eldest son, bequeathed some thirteen thousand acres, called the Lower Manor, or Clermont, to his second son, Robert, a man of unusual attainments. Robert R., son of the second Robert, served as a provincial judge, sat in the "Stamp Act" Congress, and was a leading member of the Committee of One Hundred elected in 1775 to take general control of public affairs, while his son and namesake was the ablest of all the Livingstons. A lawyer by profession, the second Robert R. was one of the Committee of Five charged

with drafting the Declaration of Independence, helped to frame the first constitution of the State of New York, and was its first chancellor, in that capacity administering the oath of office when Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. Later he accepted the mission to France, where he won the warm friendship of Napoleon, and did much to secure the cession of Louisiana to the United States. While in Paris he became interested in the application of steam-power to navigation, and, following his return home, was associated with Robert Fulton in the building and launching of the first steamboat, the "Clermont," on the Hudson River. Edward Livingston, a younger brother of the chancellor, served as United States district attorney, mayor of New York, and federal senator from Louisiana. He was Secretary of State under Jackson, and the Nullification Proclamation of 1832 is supposed to have been written by him.

The daughters of the house of Livingston were not less remarkable than its sons. All of them had beauty and the power to fas-

cinate men, and not a few displayed an independence and daring in their love-affairs that lend piquancy to the family annals. Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, daughter of New Jersey's patriotic and poetical war governor, became the wife of John Jay, first chief-justice of the United States. The chancellor had four sisters, all of whom made noteworthy marriages. Gertrude became the wife of Morgan Lewis, the classmate of Jay and Hamilton and for many years chief-justice of New York. John Armstrong, the husband of Charlotte, was a soldier in the Revolution, twice senator from New York, minister to France, Secretary of War during the second conflict with England,—being, with the sole exception of Stanton, the strongest and ablest man who has ever held that office,—and, in 1816, Monroe's most formidable rival for the Presidency. Spirited Kate Livingston, in striking contrast to the unions made by her sisters, fell in love with and wedded Freeborn Garretson, a wandering Methodist evangelist, who, being accepted on equal terms by his wife's family, built a church

at Rhinebeck, of which he remained the pastor until his death.

Janet Livingston, the chancellor's other sister, gave her hand and heart to Richard Montgomery, the gallant Irishman, who, when he fell at Quebec, at the early age of thirty-eight, stood second only to Washington in the affection of the Revolutionary leaders. One's eyes fill with tears as one reads the story of Montgomery and his bride. He had been a captain in the British army and had met Janet Livingston while on his way to serve under Wolfe at Louisburg. When, a few years later, he returned to settle in America, he renewed his acquaintance with and married her. There still exists the quaintly worded letter in which he asked her father's consent to the union. "Finding," he writes, "that you have already had intimation of my desire to be honored with your daughter's hand, and apprehensive lest my silence should bear an unfavorable construction, I have ventured at last to request, sir, that you will consent to a union which to me has the most promising appearance of happiness, from the lady's un-

common merit and amiable worth. Nor will it be an inconsiderable addition to be favored by such respectable characters with the title of son, should I be so fortunate as to deserve it. And if to contribute to the happiness of a beloved daughter can claim any share with tender parents, I hope hereafter to have some title to your esteem."

"We approve of your proposal, and heartily wish that your union may yield you all the happiness you seem to expect," was the father's answer, and so they were married in July, 1773. Following his marriage, Montgomery settled at Rhinebeck, where he built a mill and laid the foundation of a house. Then the coming of the Revolution broke in upon his quiet and domestic happiness. He was one of the first brigadier-generals created by Congress, which, a little later, detailed him as one of the leaders of the expedition against Quebec. He was reluctant to leave his home, but his heart was in the movement for independence. "My honor is engaged," he told his wife, "and you shall never blush for your Montgomery." And so they parted, he to die at

the gates of Quebec and she to survive in lonely widowhood for more than fifty years.

Montgomery was buried within the walls of Quebec with the honors of war, but, in 1818, his remains, at public request, were disinterred and brought down the Hudson for reburial in New York City. Word was sent to the widow that the boat containing her husband's dust would arrive opposite her house at a certain time, so that she could be ready to look down from the portico and see what was forever beyond her wish. "At length," she wrote in a letter to her niece, "they came by with all that remained of a beloved husband, who left me in the bloom of manhood, a perfect being. Alas! how did he return! However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe. When the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the Dead March from the muffled drum, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crape and

crowned by plumes, you may conceive my anguish; I cannot describe it." The flood of memories rushing upon the aged woman's brain caused her to fall upon the ground, and there, when the cortege had passed, they found her lying as insensible as her husband's relics.

The ghost of Robert Fulton, like that of Montgomery, haunts the manor and lordship of Livingston, drawn into Time's rapids and translated by the years into the rainbow of the cataract. Three years after the close of the Revolution, at the age of twenty-one, Fulton went to London and became a pupil of Benjamin West. In England he met the Duke of Bridgewater, who had made the first important modern canal, and was looking for a method of navigating it by steam. The problem at once took strong hold of Fulton's broad mind, and, like Morse in after-years, he abandoned painting for mechanics. The friendship and coöperation of Chancellor Livingston made his lot an easier one than that of the ordinary inventor, and it was at Clermont, his patron's country-place, that he gave the finishing

touches to the designs for the first steamboat.

The society enjoyed by Fulton had refined and accentuated his natural beauty and manliness, and ere he had been long at Clermont he found an easy way into the affections of pretty Miss Harriet, daughter of Walter Livingston. "Is it too presumptuous in me to aspire to the hand of your niece?" he one day asked her uncle, the chancellor.

"By no means," was the reply. "Her father may object because you are an humble and poor inventor, and the family may object, but if Harriet doesn't object, and she seems to have a world of good sense, go ahead, and my best wishes and blessings go with you."

Harriet's father and family did not object, and the young couple were married at Clermont in the early summer of 1806. Nine years later the husband died. His first steamboat sank from the weight of its boiler, and he excitedly worked twenty-four hours without food, after which he was never well. He used the whole night in bed to think out inventions; his lungs became weak, and he

had cough and chest pains. At Trenton cold fell upon his lungs, yet at Jersey City he stopped for three hours to look at his boats under repairs, and then rescued from drowning a friend who had fallen through the ice into the river. Sick for some days, he ventured to Jersey City again in foul weather to see a steam frigate he was building, and that killed him. Fulton died on February 4, 1815, and is buried in Trinity church-yard, New York. Neither monument nor slab nor inscription of any kind tells where his body lies, but his name stands first on the ever-swelling roll of American inventors.

A ride through Livingston manor, best begun at the little railroad station of Tivoli, gives the clue to the physical and mental greatness of the family from which it takes its name. Rudolph of Hafsburg neither by the Alps nor the Danube breathed purer air or saw such charming blue upon mountain and flood as fills these high vales of the middle Hudson, and the beautiful manor, rolling down through two counties, has residences here and there which a monarch might love to inhabit. Two miles from

Tivoli is Clermont, the house in which for six generations have dwelt the lords of the manor, and adjoining it on the south is Idele, the spacious mansion built by Chancellor Livingston just after the Revolution, while close at hand are Rokeby, John Armstrong's old home; Wildercroft, long the residence of the Garretsons; Grassmere, the mansion Montgomery built for others to occupy, and Montgomery Place, overlooking the Hudson at Red Hook, where his wife spent the long years of her widowhood. Bancroft was right when he ranked the Livingstons as one of the most powerful families in New York at the time of the Revolution.

In the century following the coming of Killian Van Rensselaer to Fort Orange scores of patroons, both Dutch and English, secured from their Indian owners large domains on one side or the other of the Hudson, but only two of these approached in size and value the holdings of the Van Rensselaers, the Schuylers, and the Livingstons; these were the lords of Van Cortlandt manor and of the manor of Philipsburg. At the head

of a narrowing bay, near where the Croton empties into the Hudson, stands the quaint old mansion occupied for more than a hundred years by the masters of Van Cortlandt manor and still the home of some of their descendants. Few American houses have had a longer history or one better worth recalling. It was built by Stephanus Van Cortlandt, a descendant of a younger branch of the ducal house of Courland in Russia, and the first native of the colony to hold the office of mayor of New York. In 1677 he made his first purchase of land north of the Croton River, and his possessions, when a few years afterwards he was made a lord of the manor by Governor Dongan, numbered eighty-six thousand acres, extending nearly ten miles along the Hudson, and inland twenty miles to the Connecticut line. The manor-house, completed in 1681, was at first more of a fort than a residence, for at that period both French and Indians threatened trouble, and the lord of the manor had chiefly in mind a safe refuge for his tenants in case of an attack. The stout stone walls, three feet in thickness, were

pierced with loopholes for musketry, commanding every means of approach from the surrounding forest. One of these loopholes is still shown in the dining-room; the others were filled up when the fort became a dwelling.

Otherwise the old house has changed but little since John Van Cortlandt, second lord of the manor, enlarged it to its present dimensions in the early days of Queen Anne's reign. Some of the massive tables, curiously carved sideboards, high-post bedsteads, and straight-backed chairs that came from Holland during the lifetime of the first owner, are still in use, and the furnishing of all the rooms bespeaks an honest pride in the heirlooms of an ancient family. These include interesting mementos of the family from whom and the country from which the Van Cortlandts came,—the Dukes of Courland in Russia; ancestral portraits in oil, by the best painters of the day; in the dining-room is a half-length of Brant, the Indian chief, with his red sash and a string of wampum twined around the frame, and over the main entrance to the house hangs the

great war bow of Croton, the sachem whose name has been given to the Kitchewan River and Bay.

When the war for independence was kindling Governor Tryon attempted to win over to the side of the royalists Pierre Van Cortlandt, third lord of the manor. With his wife and his secretary, Fanning, he paid a visit to the manor-house, and discreetly hinted to its master that honors and more broad acres awaited him when he should espouse the cause of the king. The polite, yet negative, reply given to the tempter made Tryon say to Fanning, "Come, we'll return; I find nothing can be effected here." Pierre Van Cortlandt cast his lot with the colonists, and his son was a patriotic soldier in the Revolutionary army. The ferry-house on the manor frequently sheltered the Continental soldiers, and during the early days of the struggle Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Baron Steuben, De Rochambeau, and the Duke de Lauzun were guests at the manor-house and gathered in friendly converse on the broad veranda from which, in

more peaceful times, Whitefield and Asbury preached to immense audiences.

When Washington's army retreated southward, Van Cortlandt removed his family and household goods to Rhinebeck for safety; and in their absence Skinners and Cowboys occupied the premises in turn, pitching coppers against the oaken baseboards and tearing the pretty Dutch tiles from the fireplaces for use as plates. Perhaps a relic of those stormy, vanished days is an invisible ghost, which it is said occasionally passes through a certain room at midnight. Nature holds the key, and will not unlock the secret; nor will she disclose the origin of the sound of heavy footsteps in the great hall sometimes heard in the still watches of the night. The old house, however, is habited in the day by the most gentle spirits. Its present owner is James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, who lives there with his widowed mother and a sister, and their courtesy and hospitality to the stranger make one of the pleasantest memories to bring back from a visit to the land of the patroons.

When, "in good old colony times," the

lord of Van Cortlandt manor set out for the city, his home during the winter months, his way, after he had crossed the Croton, lay through the lands of one man,—Frederick Philipse, master of the manor of Philipsburg, which extended from Spuyten Duyvil Creek to the Croton, and from the Hudson to the Bronx. The Philipse family came originally from Bohemia, where they were followers of John Huss. Persecuted for their reform tendencies, they left Bohemia. Frederick Philipse, who was born in Friesland, came to America while still a young man, and, soon after his arrival, began to purchase large tracts of land from the Indians. How he paid for them is shown by records still in existence. Dry goods, kitchen utensils, guns, powder, tobacco, and rum were legal tender in those days, and were given in exchange for the eighty square miles of land constituting the estate, which by royal letters patent issued June 12, 1693, was erected into the manor and lordship of Philipsburg.

The first building erected by Philipse on his estate is yet standing at the mouth of

Pocantico Creek, just north of the village of Tarrytown, and close at hand is the little church which he built, in 1699, to commemorate his marriage to Catherine Van Cortlandt. The Pocantico house, a strong stone structure, had portholes for cannon and musketry, and was called Castle Philipse. There the first lord of the manor lived while a larger house, completed in 1682, was building for him on land now in the centre of the present site of Yonkers, but which was then a high meadow commanding a long sweep of the Hudson. This house, occupied as a residence until 1868, and since then as the city-hall of Yonkers, is built mainly in the Dutch style. It is two and a half stories high, with a long, low façade, a steeply sloping roof, small dormer-windows, and broad doorways closed with hatched roofs. The wainscoted entrance-hall is very wide, and the spacious rooms opening from it have handsome decorations in arabesque. A simple but charming stairway leads to the second floor, where were the bedchambers, each with its fireplace ornamented with tiles brought over from Holland. The house was

CASTLE PHILIPSE, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

built in most enduring fashion, and its every part remains to-day substantially as it was a hundred years ago. In this house the second lord of the manor lived in almost princely style after it assumed its present shape and size in 1745. There were two rent days on the manor, one at Castle Philipse for the tenants thereabouts, and the other at the manor-house for those in the lower part. These came close together in January, and on each day the tenants were entertained by their lord at dinner.

Beautiful Mary Philipse is the most gracious memory that now haunts the old manor hall. She was twenty-six years old and a most charming person, as her portrait shows, when, in 1756, she met George Washington at the house of a mutual friend in New York City. The young Virginian was deeply impressed by her charms, and, it has been asserted, vainly asked her to become his wife, but this seems to be an invention of romantic persons. When he left at the call of duty he asked one whom he could trust to inform him from time to time of the young woman's movements. He received news soon

after that he had a rival in the person of Colonel Roger Morris, his old companion in arms under Braddock, and that he had better come to New York and look after his interests. He did not come, however, and in 1758 Mary Philipse became the wife of Colonel Morris.

When the war for independence came on the Philipse and Morris families espoused the royalist cause. Colonel Frederick Philipse, third and last lord of the manor, though not a strong partisan, was seized by the patriots when the British entered New York and carried prisoner to Boston. He was afterwards released, and the family, leaving the manor-house, took refuge in New York. Thence the colonel fled to England, established himself at Chester, and, dying there in 1785, was buried in the cathedral, where a monument proclaims his virtues and lauds his loyalty to the king. Colonel Morris and his wife, who following their marriage had made their home in what is now known as the Jumel mansion on Washington Heights, and which was built for Mrs. Morris by her brother, also went to England, where he

died, in 1794, at the age of eighty-seven. His widow died in 1825, being then nearly ninety-six years of age.

Both Philipse and Morris having been attainted of treason by the patriots, their property was confiscated, in 1779, by legislative enactment, and sold six years later by commission of forfeiture. The British government, however, paid them at different times nearly half a million dollars to reimburse them for their losses. None of their descendants live in America, and only the houses in which they dwelt bear witness to the part once played by them in the land of the patroons.

# CHAPTER V

## THE ALBANY POST ROAD

Only the ghosts of coaches long since crumbled into dust now travel the old post road from New York to Albany. The ever-lengthening line of steamers that followed Fulton's little "Clermont" up the Hudson long ago cut down stage travel along the river to the winter months. Then the Hudson River Railroad was built to Peekskill in 1849, shortening the post route to that point; and when, two years later, the road was opened to Albany, the stages were abandoned for good and all. But the old road, albeit grass-grown and neglected, still winds its way to the northward, beckoning to the traveller, to whom walking is a pleasant pastime, to come and see the sights it has to show, and as I journeyed by easy stages over this almost forgotten highway in the sunniest week of the pleasant month of May, each day brought in its train a thousand

things to attract and delight me, and I saluted its last mile-stone, firm in the conviction that the man who has not made its acquaintance does not know his Hudson.

Sixty years ago the New York end of the post road was at Cortlandt Street, near Broadway. Afterwards it moved farther up-town, and at the old Reef Tavern, on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-first Street, the drivers and their horses rested overnight and passengers booked for their journey to the villages along the river. From the Reef the route lay through Madison Square to the intersection of Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue. Making a turn there to the left, the stages rolled into the Bloomingdale Road, and followed it, bearing a little more to the left at the Reservoir, on up Breakneck Hill and into the King's Bridge Road, which took them across Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and so off the island of Manhattan.

But the spreading town has buried the broad farms and well-kept orchards which once flanked this portion of the way, and, if one is bent upon quickly leaving the city

and its noises behind him, he had best, as I did, begin his trip over the post road at King's Bridge, on the border of the famous Neutral Ground, which ran thence to the Croton River, and over which in Revolutionary times Cowboys and Skinners—British and American bands of marauders—roved and plundered at will. Over this domain, once possessed by the lord of Philipsburg manor, marched and countermarched the Continental army; here rested the French troops under Rochambeau, and here the Loyalists carried on a wanton and destructive warfare while the British had possession of New York. King's Bridge itself played an important part in the movement of both armies. Several engagements took place in its vicinity, and the earthworks thrown up by the British can still be traced on the nearby hills. Less than a dozen years ago the remains of a British officer were disinterred not a stone's throw from the bridge, with the number of his regiment still legible on the brass buttons of his uniform.

Beyond the bridge the post road is now called Broadway, and this name clings to

it for many miles up the river. The name is a fitting one, for nowhere else in America can be found such a road as this, which, after dipping into the bed of an ancient gully that forms the main street of Yonkers and climbing the hill beyond, passes into the villa region of the Hudson with its beautiful and stately residences. There, where the late Samuel J. Tilden and Jay Gould once lived and other men of power and millions now have their homes, handsome gateways guard the way to gravel drives and well-kept lawns, while the sunlight flashes from the roofs of a hundred graperies and conservatories, or caresses acres of gay borders and lovely flower-beds. Rows of splendid trees, elms, willows, locusts, and sugar-maples, stretching on mile after mile, flank both sides of the way; creeper and ivy twine about their sturdy trunks, and through the openings in the sylvan wall one catches pleasant glimpses of terraced country-seats and the sparkle of the river beyond. It is a village street all the way to Scarborough, and Glenwood, Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, Irvington, and Tarrytown are only accentuation points.

Glenwood and Hastings have had their birth and growth in recent years, but Dobb's Ferry dates back to the colonial period, and during the Revolution many stirring military scenes were enacted there and on the waters near. A few miles above Dobb's Ferry, and just north of Irvington, a white cottage half concealed by foliage, Sunnyside, long the home of Washington Irving and closely associated with some of his best romances, induced the first halt on my journey over the old post road. Close at hand is the strong house, once pierced with loopholes for musketry and portholes for cannon, built full two hundred years ago by the first lord of the manor of Philipsburg, and all around are objects made familiar by the author of "The Sketch Book." Here is Sleepy Hollow, now as of yore a lazy country road, with the quiet Pocantico still splashing over the dam by the ancient mill, and on the farther side of the bridge, over which Ichabod galloped in his mad flight from the headless horseman, stands the old Dutch church, celebrated in the same legend. The church, with its tiny weather-vanes and bell

SLEEPY HOLLOW BRIDGE.

and its brick and window-trimmings imported from Holland, is surrounded by the graves of many generations,—those of the earlier settlers clustering thick about the edifice itself, while the newer graves people the rising ground. It is in this newer portion of the cemetery that Irving lies. His grave is in the middle of a large plot purchased in 1853, six years before his death. The stone that marks his grave is a plain slab of white marble, on which are engraved his name and date alone, without any memorial inscription. The path that leads to the entrance-gate is beaten hard by the feet of many visitors, and I was told that relic-hunters so chip and hammer the stone marking the author's grave as to make its frequent renewal necessary.

The cottage of Sunnyside, Irving tells us, was originally a stone structure with many gables, and modelled after Governor Stuyvesant's cocked hat. It was built by Woolfert Acker, a self-exiled councilman of Stuyvesant's court, who sought here an asylum from trouble and a place where he could take his rest. Tradition has it that he found

neither. His wife opposed him as much as did the citizens of New Amsterdam, and "the cock of the roost was the most henpecked bird in the country." From Acker the Roost, as it was then called, passed in time to one Jacob Van Tassel, a doughty Dutchman, whose long goose gun became during the Revolution "the terror of Cowboys and Skinners and marauding craft on the river." But in an evil hour Jacob was captured by the British and carried prisoner to New York. Only his stout wife, stouter sister, and still stouter Dinah, a negro servant, remained to garrison the Roost. One day a boatful of armed Britons came to attack the "Rebel Nest," as they styled the Roost. The garrison rushed to arms, but after a fierce conflict was beaten at all points. The house was plundered and burned, and the invaders tried to carry off Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost. Then came the tug of war. Mother, aunt, and Dinah flew to the rescue. The struggle continued to the water's edge, where an order from their commander forced the men to desist.

"So the beauty escaped with only a rumpling of the feathers."

The Roost was built in more modern style after the war, and so Irving found it, with its ancient walls, when he bought the place in 1835. He called in the services of an architect, who made important alterations, and gave the cottage back comfortable and suited to its owner's needs, yet no less picturesque than when he first described it,—"the little old-fashioned stone mansion all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat." After Irving's return from Spain, in 1846, the services of the architect were again called in for an addition which should make living in it more comfortable as a permanent dwelling, with better offices and larger servants' quarters. This work was accomplished as successfully as the first, and when completed the house had a charm rare enough at that time. Then as now a fine growth of English ivy covered the eastern side of the cottage with a thick mantle of green. This ivy has grown from a slip brought from Melrose Abbey and presented to Irving by his friend Mrs.

Renwick, in her youth the heroine of Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie," as well as of another of his songs, "When first I saw my Jennie's Face."

At Sunnyside, following his return from Spain, Irving passed the happiest, the most peaceful years of his life. His fame was assured, and the reissue of his works by Putnam in 1848 brought him in an income more than sufficient for his modest wants. Neither the public honors heaped upon him, nor the unexpected prosperity that came to reward his labors, could wean him from his love for the simple pleasures of a country life, his old friends, his plain house, his little study lined with books, his rambles among familiar hills and lanes, and the vine-trellised piazza where he could sit of an evening and hear the waves of the Tappan Sea lapping the shore at his feet. The legends of the Tappan must have been often in his thoughts at such times, and from one of them, had he been so minded, he might have woven an apt sequel to "The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow." Rambout Van Dam, a roistering young Dutchman of Spuyten Duy-

vil, so the story runs, crossed the Tappan Sea on Saturday night in his boat to attend a quilting frolic on its western shore. He drank, danced, and caroused until midnight, when he entered his boat to return. He was warned that it was on the verge of Sunday morning, but swore a fearful oath that he would not land until he reached Spuyten Duyvil if it took him a month of Sundays. He pushed from shore, and was never seen again, yet he can still be heard by sailors and believing landsmen plying his oars over the lonely waters at midnight in never-ending voyages between Spuyten Duyvil and the western shore,—the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Sea.

Again, Irving's afternoon rambles may often have led him to the old Odell House, still standing on the post road, and which must have been built more than two hundred years ago. Captain Odell, the first of his name to own the place, was an officer in the English army, and had served in the colonial wars. His son was a famous guide during the Revolution, and at its close held the rank of colonel. He seems to have been

a blacksmith as well as a farmer, and managed during the greater part of the Revolutionary struggle to keep on pretty good terms with the Tory element of his section.

Cowboys and British troopers alike found his forge a convenient place at which to have their horses shod, and, while at work recasting a shoe for some member of a party of King George's horse, Odell often picked up important information which he promptly forwarded to the American commander. Towards the close of the Revolution Odell's true character became known to his Tory friends, and they paid his house a visit, intent upon capturing him if possible, but failed to find him at home. The British, believing that he was in hiding near by, pounced upon his slave Cæsar, and hanged the negro to a tree to compel him to divulge his master's hiding-place. Twice they hauled their victim up and twice they lowered him to give him a chance to tell where Odell had secreted himself. Ignorance sealed the luckless Cæsar's lips. He was hauled up for the third time and left. Fortunately, another slave happened along before he expired. He

was let down in the nick of time, and lived to tell of his adventure many years afterwards. Following the Revolution the Odell House was long used as an inn and stopping-place for the stages on the post road, but is now once more occupied as a farm dwelling.

Tarrytown and the region about recall many scenes in the André tragedy. At Dobb's Ferry Arnold first arranged for a meeting with André, and across the river stands Long Cove Mountain, at the foot of which, under the cover of darkness the meeting finally took place. In the bay below Teller's Point the "Vulture" lay on the following morning when Colonel Livingston fired the shots from his little four-pounder that compelled her to drop down the stream, leaving Major André in the midst of his enemies. On the western shore, opposite Tarrytown, may be seen a long wharf, from which a road passes among the hills to the village of Tappan, near which he was executed, and just beyond Tarrytown stands a white marble monument on the spot where he was captured. It is surmounted by a

bronze statue of a youth, in the half-military, half-civilian dress of that time, grasping the barrel of his musket while he looks off up the road, in the expectation of a coming foe. Here, by the side of the brook that still ripples across the roadway, lay the Skinners, Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, on that fateful morning of September 23, 1780. They were playing cards and watching for Cowboys driving stolen cattle to the British army, but fortune sent a more important capture in the person of the young officer, who had played for a mighty stake and in losing it lost his life.

With Tarrytown a scant half-mile behind, I had a pleasant glimpse, as I pushed along, of the country-place of Mrs. Elbert C. Monroe. No estate on the Hudson has a more interesting history. Sold by the Indian sachem Shoharius to Frederick Philipse in 1680, after the Revolution it was conveyed by the Commissioner of Forfeitures to General Gerard G. Beekman, whose family retained it until 1845, when it was purchased by General James Watson Webb. Its next owner was General John C. Fremont, who

lived there for some time in royal fashion. Eventually, however, he became financially embarrassed and was obliged to relinquish the property to the late Elbert C. Monroe. When General Webb occupied the place one of his warmest friends and most frequent guests was Commodore Perry. Upon the latter's return from the Mexican War he presented the general with four bombshells that now surmount the pedestals of the gate-posts of the estate. These shells recall a stirring incident. They were fired from the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, on March 9, 1847, when Commodore Perry landed the American army under General Scott on the beach south of that city. For some reason the fuses went out and the shells did not explode. They had struck within a few feet of where Perry was standing. He picked them up, brought them with him to his home, and presented them to General Webb as ornaments for the latter's gate-posts.

From Tarrytown I pushed on in the cool hours of a breezy May morning through Scarborough and Sing Sing, and halting in

the late forenoon, rested for an hour or so at the old Black Horse Tavern, three miles north of the former village. My way led through a lovely country, rich in charming scenery, and affording far-off glimpses of lordly river and frowning mountains. A picturesque point on the road, going north from Sing Sing, is just before the old tavern is reached, where the road crosses Indian Brook, the source of the village water-supply. Here the thoroughfare takes a sweep of almost half a circle and crosses the stream over a bridge of rustic character. Black Horse Tavern is a two-story wooden structure, sadly the worse for wear, with a double piazza running the whole length of the front, in the style popular with the builders of country inns a hundred years ago. A wide hall extends from the front door to the kitchen in the rear, and doors open from it to the sitting-room on the right and the bar-room opposite. The tavern's present owner is a pleasant-voiced spinster, who was born there, and remembers well when the stages used to roll up to the door and hungry guests came noisily trooping into the dining-

room to partake of her father's hearty fare. The tavern, in those days, was a favorite meeting-place for the residents of the countryside and the scene of many spirited political gatherings. But with the disappearance of the stage-coaches it ceased to have communication with the outer world, and now there is little of the inn about the old house, while the grass is growing in the road before its door.

Black Horse Tavern stands on the banks of the Croton River, at this point thickly wooded with an almost primeval forest, and not far away is the old Van Cortlandt manor-house, built in 1681, when Stephanus Van Cortlandt was owner and master of all the region thereabouts. Beyond the Croton, my journey for an hour or more was enlivened by a noble view of wide-reaching Haverstraw Bay, the spacious amphitheatre in which many stirring events were enacted during the Revolution. Here in October, 1777, a British squadron, bearing an army under Sir Henry Clinton, worked mightily to enslave the Americans. The baronet landed his troops upon Stony Point on the

western and Verplanck's Point on the eastern shore, and fell with heavy force on Forts Clinton and Montgomery, which had been built by the patriots for the defence of the lower entrance to the Highlands, for it was all along the aim of the British to get possession, if possible, of the valley of the Hudson, and so separate New England from the other colonies. In addition to these forts, a boom and chain were stretched across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose to obstruct its navigation. George and James Clinton, both brave and vigilant officers, commanded the little garrisons. Sir Henry Clinton's forces attacked the forts in two divisions, and, closely investing them, were supported by a heavy cannonade from the British flotilla. The conflict lasted until nightfall. Then the Americans, beaten by overwhelming numbers, abandoned their works and, under cover of darkness, fled to the mountains. The affair ended in the breaking of the boom and chain and the passage up the river of a British squadron with marauding troops, which ravaged and burned as far north as Livingston

manor, on the lower verge of Columbia County.

My second day's tramp ended at Peekskill, the gateway to the Highlands. Here the true post road may be said to have its beginning. After climbing Gallows Hill, just north of Peekskill, the road follows an early Indian trail through valleys parallel with the Hudson, but from two to six miles to the eastward. The trail through the Highlands was first used by Lord Loudon, in command of the British forces. He widened it by cutting down the trees here and there; and over this rude wagon-way his baggage, stores, and troops were moved to the attack upon the French outposts in the North. A few years before, in 1730, John Rogers had built the first public-house upon this path. It stood midway between Peekskill and Fishkill, and its host was sure of a guest in any traveller who reached it in the middle of the afternoon, as no one ever resumed his journey after that hour, owing to the danger of travelling in these mountain wilds after nightfall.

As I climbed Gallows Hill in the early

morning of my third day's tramp I thought of the incident from which it takes its name. When General Israel Putnam of redoubtable memory commanded the patriot forces on the Upper Hudson in the autumn of 1777, one Edmund Palmer, a native of Westchester County, was arrested as a suspected spy and brought before him. On Palmer's person were found enlisting papers signed by the British general, Tryon, and other evidences of his guilt. Sir Henry Clinton sent a note to Putnam with a flag claiming the culprit as a British officer, and threatening retaliation in case the young man should be harmed. Putnam's reply ran in this wise:

"HEADQUARTERS, 7th August, 1777.

"SIR,—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has been accordingly hanged."

Palmer was executed on Gallows Hill, and after that no spy was ever found in Putnam's camp. On the farther side of the hill is an old church that did hospital service during the Revolution, and, pushing to the left across the valley, I came after a time upon another relic of that stirring era,—a deserted house, the last one of a settlement made early in the seventeenth century, and still known as the Continental Village. There, early in the struggle for independence, were built two small forts, traces of which still remain. Barracks, capable of lodging three thousand men, were also constructed. The place, on account of its strategic importance, soon became a depot for military supplies, and in the autumn of 1777 valuable stores and a large number of cattle were collected there, under charge of Major Campbell. Three days after the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery a body of troops under General Tryon attacked the post. The Americans were driven from their works, and all the stores and every house in the village, with one exception, were burned. This house had been built by an

English colonel and escaped destruction because its owner was loyal to the king. Gray with age and slowly settling under the weight of years, it is all that remains to tell the story of Continental Village.

All day my way lay through the hills and valleys of Putnam County, with an occasional glimpse of the distant river, and brought me late in the afternoon to the door of an old stage-house in the Highlands, nearly opposite Cold Spring, where I spent the night. The fourth day's journey took me out of the Highlands,—the road threading a notch in the Fishkill Mountains,—and through Fishkill and Wappinger's Falls to Poughkeepsie.

Fishkill played its part and an honorable one in the Revolution. Its venerable Episcopal church was used as a hospital during a portion of the war, and, while the village was temporarily the seat of the colonial government, was the meeting-place of the delegates who framed the State constitution. The old Dutch church, in another part of the village, was used as a prison, and twice held within its walls Enoch Crosby, now gener-

ally believed to be the original of Harvey Birch, the hero of Cooper's famous novel, "The Spy." Crosby's career furnishes the material for one of the most fascinating romances of the old post road. When the Revolution opened he was a young man of twenty-five, living on a farm in Putnam County. Resolving to enter the service of his country, he shouldered his musket and set out to join the patriot army. On the Westchester border he fell in with a Tory, who, supposing him to be one also, cautioned him of the danger of the way, "as the rebels were on the alert." Crosby, with affected concern, asked the best course to pursue, and was advised to go with the Tory to his home and join the British with a company then forming. He accepted the invitation, and was soon introduced to a number of rabid Tories.

In three days Crosby had made himself master of all the information they could impart, and, pretending impatience to join the enemy, and despite many warnings, he took his leave, and was soon on the road to New York. He hastened to the house of a

Mr. Young, a well-known patriot, and together they sought an audience with the Committee of Safety, which was then sitting at White Plains. The mission of this body, headed by John Jay, was to counteract the plans and intrigues of the Tories, who included many men of high standing and influence. Jay and his associates, having heard Crosby's story, instructed him to go as guide to a company of rangers, and the result was the arrest of the entire Tory gang. Jay, recognizing Crosby's peculiar ability, urged him to serve his country as a secret agent, and to this he agreed, only stipulating that in case of his death justice should be done to his memory.

Within a fortnight Crosby unearthed another company of Tories about to join the British and resolved to be one of them. Gaining the confidence of the leader, he was conducted to the hiding-place of the company,—the interior of an immense haystack. While the others were asleep he hastened to White Plains, and, informing the committee, returned before his comrades had learned of his absence. The result was the capture of

the entire company, Crosby among the rest. After examination, they were returned to the church in Fishkill, their temporary prison, but Crosby was secretly informed that one of the windows had been left unfastened. When night came he leaped from this window, and, eluding the sentinels, was again at large in a familiar region. Captain Townsend, commanding the company that captured him, was much chagrined at his escape, as he was considered by all except the committee a very dangerous Tory.

Crosby's next exploit was the discovery of another company of Tories, with a hidden nest in the Highlands on the west side of the Hudson. Again he sent word to the committee, who despatched Townsend and his rangers. In the ensuing skirmish the whole band was captured, and Townsend was overjoyed to find among them the prisoner who had escaped him at Fishkill. The captured men were taken to Fishkill, but while the others were placed in the church, Crosby was taken to a house where Townsend had his quarters and confined in a room strongly fastened with a guard at the door. The

committee was at first in doubt how to effect his escape, but finally procured a quantity of laudanum, and this having been mixed with rum and molasses, the guard was liberally treated with the mixture. Its effect was soon apparent, the door unlocked and Crosby at large. His subsequent adventures would make a volume much longer than the novel that purports to relate them. After the war was over he purchased a farm in Putnam County, where he passed the remainder of his days, a much respected citizen, holding the office of justice of the peace and serving as one of the judges of the court of common pleas.

The fertile plains north of the Highlands were once the home of the Matteawan and Wappingi tribes of Indians, and the name of the latter tribe is perpetuated in the village of Wappinger Falls and the stream which flows through it. Wappinger Falls has at least one interesting relic of the past in the Mesier homestead, which takes its name from Peter Mesier, a New York merchant, who settled there near the close of the Revolution. The old house, which has suffered

little in outward change, stands in a grove of trees in the heart of the village, a short distance from the post road. It now belongs to the village and, with a few acres of land about it, has lately been given the name of Mesier Park.

A short detour from the post road just before it enters Poughkeepsie affords a visit to the ancient Livingston mansion, built about 1742, and the home during the Revolution of Henry Livingston, one of the most devoted adherents of the patriot cause. When the flying squadron of small frigates under Sir James Wallace sailed up the Hudson in October, 1777, to destroy Kingston, then the capital of the State, a Dutchess County Tory, who piloted them up the river, pointed out the houses of prominent Whigs along the river bank, and they were fired upon, the Livingston mansion being a special mark for their guns. One shot pierced the north side of the house, and the orifice made through the shingles—for the sides of the house as well as the roof are covered with shingles—is still discernible, though another shingle has been inserted under the one thus

perforated to cover the hole in the wall. On the burning of Kingston the State government was removed to Poughkeepsie, and Henry Livingston was most active in entertaining the members of the Legislature, going so far, it is said, as to melt his family plate to furnish money for the patriots under Washington. The Livingston mansion is now owned and occupied by a manufacturing company, who have kept it in excellent repair. Its appearance has never been materially changed, and it is a fine specimen of a country-house of the colonial period. It stands on a point jutting out into the Hudson, and faces the south. From the piazza a view of the Hudson may be obtained down to the northern gates of the Highlands, and looking from the window on the north the Catskills rear their rugged sides. Before railroads and iron mills marred its beauty it must have been an ideal spot.

Poughkeepsie boasts one other Revolutionary landmark in the building now called Duke's Hotel, but familiarly known as "the old stone house." It was the first jail in the place, and during the Revolution a prison

for Tories and other enemies of the patriot cause. After the war it became an inn. Some of the delegates to the memorable convention of July, 1788, lodged here; and when, after the ratification of the Federal Constitution by her sister States, New York by a vote of thirty to twenty-seven reluctantly fell into line, Governor Clinton, the leader of the opposition, signed in the inn parlor the document that made his State a member of the American Union.

Beyond Poughkeepsie a short morning's walk along the post road, now a level, well-kept thoroughfare, shaded most of the way by beautiful trees, took me through Hyde Park to Rhinebeck. The former, for generations the home of some of New York's best-known families, takes its name from Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, sometime governor of the colony. Here in Hyde Park lived James Kirk Paulding, the friend and associate of Washington Irving, and close by are The Locusts, now the home of William B. Dinsmore, but formerly owned by William Emmett, a lineal descendant of Robert Emmett. Here also resided for many years

Morgan Lewis, a major-general in the Revolution and later chief-justice of the State, and Dr. Samuel Bard, who was Washington's physician, while farther on is Placentia, long the home of Nathaniel Pendleton, a major in the Revolutionary army and the second to Alexander Hamilton in his fatal duel with Aaron Burr.

All this region is historic ground, and Rhinebeck, which was founded more than two hundred years ago by emigrants from the Palatinate, who named it for the great river of their fatherland, is rich in legends of the struggle for American nationality. Its chief street is named for Richard Montgomery, who was the owner of a great estate there, comprising some thousands of acres. He was building a new house when summoned to set out on the expedition to Quebec. Before starting he went over the estate with his wife and planned the work that was to be done in his absence. The house would be finished before he returned, he thought; and it was, but not for him, as he fell at Quebec. His wife spent the early years of her widowhood here. She

was Janet Livingston, a sister of the chancellor. The Montgomery House, now the property of Lewis H. Livingston, has been remodelled and enlarged, and with its spacious grounds is called Grassmere.

Another historic character connected with Rhinebeck was Rev. Freeborn Garretson, a Methodist evangelist, who, in 1794, left his station in Maryland, and made his way on horseback and on foot to this place. living on the country as he travelled. Here he stopped, and, starting a camp meeting, fished not only for the souls of the unregenerate, but captured the heart of one of the village's fairest daughters,—Kate Livingston, a sister of Mrs. Montgomery. She attended his meetings, and thus they made each other's acquaintance. Her wealth and social and family influence did not stand in the way of their marriage, after which the husband gave up his wanderings, and, settling here, built a church of which he remained pastor until his death.

From Rhinebeck northward the post road is for the most part level, delightful to walk or wheel over, and winding, first to the right

and then to the left, through a land of steep-roofed barns, well-sweeps, and quaint houses, with small windows and double doors, and abounding in legends and tokens of its first Dutch settlers. Claverack, on a creek of the same name, was settled by some of Hendrik Hudson's men. They came on shore at the landing which yet bears his name and began to till the rich bottom-lands along the creek, by the side of which stands a stone mill, built in 1766 and still in use. The road crosses the stream at this point and follows its bank for a mile or more. A little way to the east of Kinderhook, the last settlement of importance passed before the road strikes the old Boston turnpike six miles below Albany, is Lindenwald, the secluded retreat in which Martin Van Buren spent the last years of his eventful life. His grave is in the village cemetery. A plain granite shaft surmounts it, and the inscription contains in addition to the date of his birth and death the words, "Eighth President of the United States."

Three miles south of Albany the post road climbs a low hill, on the top of which nes-

tles East Greenbush. Ninety years ago the site of this little hamlet was a goodly farm known as Prospect Hill, the home, after his marriage to Cornelia, daughter of George Clinton, of Citizen Edmond Charles Genet, the French minister, who gave so much trouble to President Washington and his cabinet, and, dying here in 1834, was buried beside his wife in the yard of the squat village church. The house built by Genet in 1806 —such a one as a prosperous lawyer or merchant would put up for a country box— stands, little the worse for the years, in a tree-flanked enclosure near the centre of the village. All around it is fragrance from vines, herbs, and flowers, and below a superb prospect of wooded points and islands, while beyond the Hudson the Helderbergs and Catskills limn their giant outlines against the blue background of the early summer sky. The Genet homestead is now owned by one of his descendants, and an hour on its cool veranda affords a pleasing close to a quiet week on the old post road.

# CHAPTER VI

## THE LAND OF THE SIX NATIONS

The valley of the Mohawk and the lake country to the south of it is the old land of the Six Nations, whose League of the Iroquois was, when the first Europeans set foot in America, the most powerful and extensive combination of red men existing north of the Gulf of Mexico. History has not always done justice to these Romans of the New World, but the fact becomes clearer as time goes on that they were the ablest and in many ways the most admirable type of their race. Unlike their neighbors, the Algonquins, whose tribes had nothing to bind them together save certain similarities of dialect, the Iroquois had constitutions and well-considered bonds of union, presenting in the heart of the wilderness the barbaric prototype of a federal republic.

The elastic and prehensile character of

this union proved the wisdom and foresight of its founders, and it was upheld, besides, by the bravery and steadfastness of a strong and warlike people. Between 1535 and 1680 the Iroquois overran and conquered the whole of the Middle West; and the white invader, when he cast covetous eyes upon their fertile plains and valleys, found in the "brethren of the long house" foemen worthy of his steel and valor. The contest then begun between white man and red was waged almost without ceasing for upward of a century, and ended only with the Revolution.

During that struggle the Iroquois as a body did not unite with the British, but many individuals joined them as volunteers, especially among the Mohawks; and it was for the loss which these volunteers sustained at the battle of Oriskany that they afterwards avenged themselves by the massacre at Wyoming. After the peace of 1783, the British having made no effort on behalf of their Indian allies, most of the Mohawks took refuge in Canada, while the Oneidas and Cayugas sold their lands and departed westward, leaving behind them in Central New

York a thousand mute reminders of their age-long battle with an alien race.

This as introduction to the present chronicle of a cycle journey through the land of the Six Nations, which began at Schoharie, and, running by way of Auriesville, Johnstown, Palatine Bridge, Danube, Utica, Oriskany Falls, Petersboro, and Cazenovia, ended by the banks of the Otsego. Schoharie village, lying between the Catskills on the south and west and the Helderbergs on the east, was settled during Queen Anne's reign by emigrants from the German Palatinates. Here, on the border of the Indian country, these settlers prospered after the quiet, thrifty fashion of their race, and, when the Revolution came, with the spirit of independence which was theirs through inheritance, sent three companies of sturdy infantrymen to fight in the army of Washington.

At the same time those who remained at home, mindful of the danger which menaced them at their own doors, turned the stone church they had built for Dominie Johannes Schuyler into a fort. Around this defence

they erected pickets, with huts inside for the people of the countryside, and when in October, 1780, Sir John Johnson, at the head of a thousand Indians and British regulars, fresh from the ravage of the Mohawk valley, came to give them battle, eightscore Dutch militiamen, cheered on by their wives and sweethearts, offered the invaders such bitter welcome that they were glad to retreat; nor did they thereafter make bold to molest the men and women of Schoharie.

When peace was proclaimed, in 1783, the old stone fort reverted to its original purpose, remaining for many years a house of worship, but, in 1873, it became the property of the county, and is now used as a museum, housing a collection of Indian and colonial relics of signal variety and value. Here are many of the original Indian deeds of the land, with the signature and thumb-marks of the conveyer, household utensils long since gone out of use, and ancient fire-arms, swords, arrow-heads, and tomahawks, along with the Bible once used by Dominie Schuyler. Even long locks of hair cut from

the heads of Schoharie's heroines are here preserved as apt mementos of the brave Dutch women of the Revolution, while just without the fort and facing the village street reposes the body of David Williams, one of the captors of Major André. Williams died in Schoharie in 1831, at the age of seventy-six, and the inscription on the marble shaft above his grave bears grateful although somewhat awkward testimony to the service rendered by this honest and incorruptible yeoman to the patriot cause.

Schoharie stands, as I have said, at one of the natural gateways to the land of the Six Nations, and pushing north to Auriesville along roads in early summer delightful either to drive or wheel over, one encounters at every turn reminders of the time when Indian and settler fought for mastery of the soil. The sites of two vanished border forts are passed in the middle and upper reaches of the Schoharie valley, and Auriesville itself, where we were to spend the night, stands for a heroic and moving chapter in the earliest period of colonial history, for the quiet hamlet is the site of the ancient

Indian village of Oserneuon,—centre of the first missionary efforts of the Jesuit Fathers in the Mohawk valley and the spot where Father Jogues and Brother Rene Goupil fell, martyrs to their faith. With these two victims of the tomahawk is now associated in the pious regards of the Catholic world the memory of an Iroquois maiden,—Catherine Tegakwita, the daughter of a Mohawk chief, who was born at the same spot and baptized by the missionaries who came from Canada into the southern wilderness.

Tragedy and romance attended the career of all three of these servants of God. Father Jogues was a native of Orleans in France, who, entering the priesthood in 1636, dedicated himself to the Indian mission in America, and from Canada penetrated the forests of the south, converting and baptizing the natives wherever he went. One of his companions in his wanderings was Brother Rene Goupil, also a Frenchman of good family, a physician who chose to give up his profession to enter the Jesuit priesthood, but through ill health had never been able to stand the test for ordination. Determined

to serve the cause of religion, he was retained as a lay adherent of the order, and accompanied the missionaries to the Indians in America.

It was in 1642 that a canoe party of Hurons, with whom Brother Rene and Father Jogues were journeying, fell into an ambush of the Mohawks, their implacable enemies, and those who were not slain were reserved for torture. Forced to run the gauntlet of a double line of chiefs, Brother Rene fell fainting, his body black with blows and mangled and bleeding. As soon as he recovered sufficiently to move again he was tortured afresh, meantime praying for the conversion of his captors, and succeeding even in teaching some of them to pray and to make the sign of the cross. At length a vicious young warrior despatched him with a tomahawk, and the Good Rene, as he was called, fell with the name of Jesus on his lips. Father Jogues was hardly less barbarously treated, but his life was spared temporarily that he might become the slave of an Indian chief, from whom he escaped, only in the end to be recaptured, led to the spot

where Brother Rene had been sacrificed, and there put to death.

Ten years afterwards, almost in view of the ground twice dyed with martyrs' blood, was born the Iroquois maiden, Catherine Tegakwita. A demure and thoughtful child, she grew into a modest, gentle girl. With a rare intuition she watched the work of the missionaries until, in her twentieth year, she sought admission to the fold, and on Easter Sunday, 1676, was baptized in the little mission church. Henceforth, says the chronicle, she gave herself entirely to God, body and soul. Her devotion, her austerities, and her good works were constant. She bore insult, derision, and calumny in silence; dedicated herself to a life of celibacy, and amid the turmoil and degradation of a savage society led a life of prayer, penance, and self-denial. She was even deprived of food by her family to force her from her self-immolation, and at length to evade the chance of faltering under these trials betook herself to the humble dwelling of a married sister near Montreal, where, with other pious women of her kind, she passed

the remainder of her life in poverty, seclusion, and humility.

Dying at the early age of twenty-four, this devoted and modest maiden constitutes with Father Jogues and Brother Rene a trio in whose memory was reared and dedicated a dozen years ago, at the spot where she was born and converted, the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, to which the faithful now make annual pilgrimage, and the marble of which, gleaming white under the newly-risen sun, gave us our last glimpse of Auriesville as we wheeled north towards the Mohawk, and crossing that stream came, while the morning was still young, to Johnstown, another famous landmark of the land of the Six Nations, and long the home of a man whose claim to a place among the makers of America cannot be gainsaid.

It was in 1738 that a young Irish adventurer, William Johnson by name, crossed the ocean to seek his fortune as a trader among the Indians of New York and Pennsylvania. France and England were then struggling for the mastery of North America, and the Indian question was a burning one, for upon

the attitude of the nomads depended the ability of the white settlers to retain their hold on the Mohawk valley and its environs. Johnson was the one man who proved capable of dealing with this problem. He so ingratiated himself with the Indians that in a few years he acquired greater influence than any of their own chiefs could exercise over them. With rare versatility and no little self-sacrifice, he became as good an Iroquois as any of them. He hesitated at nothing in his resolve to gain their confidence. Wearing their dress, adopting their customs, learning to excel in their sports, their woodcraft, and their methods of war, eating their food, speaking their language, using their rhetoric, he became not only a friend, companion, and intimate in their external life, but a power in their councils. In his business dealings with them he adopted integrity as his first principle. He never cheated them and he never lied to them, thus creating a prestige and an influence which enabled him for the rest of his life to control the Iroquois, to baffle the incessant intrigues of the French, and to se-

cure for the defence of the British and Germans in the Mohawk valley a band of warriors whose hands, but for his wisdom and energy, would almost certainly have been turned against them.

Moreover, his work as a mediator between the whites and Indians stood but for a single phase of Johnson's active and many-sided life. Side by side with it he was building his own fortune and amassing a great estate. Very early in his American career he built a stone house on the Mohawk which he called Fort Johnson; in the intervals of his trading journeys among the Indians he found time to be a student of books, and to advance commerce, agriculture, and the breeding of fine sheep and cattle; and he took a notable part, a part which proved him a born soldier, in the war with France which began in 1754, introduced to the world George Washington, and ended with the death of Wolfe and Montcalm, the fall of Quebec and the destruction of the French empire in North America. For his share in this war he was knighted, made Sir William Johnson, and granted ten thousand

pounds. Later he was commissioned a major-general in the British army and granted one hundred thousand acres of land; founded the settlement called for himself Johnstown; left Fort Johnson, built the wooden house called Johnson Hall, and under its roof died on the 11th of July, 1774, and was buried beside the Episcopal church, which he had caused to be built in his village of Johnstown.

Truly an uncommon man this, and, although his reputation has suffered in the world's eye in the sixscore years and six that have elapsed since his death,—a shrinking of fame chiefly due, be it said, to causes for which he should not be held accountable,—the memory of Sir William Johnson is still a living and vital force in the elm-shaded town which bears his name and in which he is buried. The large hotel of the place is the Sir William Johnson Hotel; the social club is the Fort Johnson Club, and the portrait of the baronet in his red coat hangs in the hall of St. Patrick's Lodge, fifth among the Masonic lodges of the State of New York.

There is no stone to mark Johnson's grave in St. John's church-yard, and there needs none, since the man's name and memory are preserved in a thousand ways; in relics, beside the house he built, and in the ancient Dutch family of Van Vost there has been a son named William Johnson in each of four generations. And finally there is Johnson Hall,—when built the finest house in the Mohawk valley,—a great house, of timber, with a hip-roof, wide halls on the first and second floors, square, wainscoted rooms, great fireplaces, and a mahogany staircase, the like of which probably did not then exist outside of Albany or New York City. This was flanked by two stone structures like block-houses, one of which remains, and around all was once a stone wall, enclosing the plants and shrubbery which Sir William caused to blossom in the wilds. There are still some tall poplars which he planted, so old that buttresses have grown up about their trunks, and look high abroad as the sentries did of yore.

Sir John Johnson, son of the builder, was driven from Johnson Hall by the rising

storm of the Revolution, which broke out in 1774, the year Sir William died. He returned from Canada to his confiscated estate to secure two barrels of silver dollars hidden and saved through the faithfulness of a slave, and to burn and kill in the country filled with his father's old friends and his own. Then at the close of the war the Johnson family and the baronetcy remained a Canadian possession, and Johnson Hall, sold by the sequestration commissioners, passed into the hands of the Wells family, who have held it for four generations. The house has been somewhat modernized, but is, for the most part, the house of the eighteenth century. If ghosts walked now it should troop with them in still and starless nights.

Late afternoon of the second day of our pilgrimage through the land of the Six Nations brought us to Palatine Bridge, on the north bank of the Mohawk, and to the manor-house of the Freys, where a family of Swiss extraction has flourished ever since their ancestor settled there in 1689. The children now playing about the lawn of the old stone mansion belong to the ninth gen-

eration thriving on the same spot. Descending a glade adorned with noble elms, the approach passes up to the summit of an eminence on which the house is charmingly situated, overlooking the Mohawk rolling down its green valley, the trains which every few minutes disturb its quiet, the slowly passing barges on the canal opposite old Fort Van Rensselaer, and the town of Canajoharie nestling underneath the bluffs beyond, or creeping up its gorge from shelf to shelf to their crests.

Palatine Bridge, in part an antiquated, covered structure and in part of more modern iron, crosses a broad, low meadow before it reaches the brink of the water, fringed with willows and overhanging copses of green. It derived its name long ago from the Germans from the Palatinate of the Rhine who settled hereabouts, and whose descendants form a considerable part of the population. The mansion, set amid elms and locusts, is a substantial specimen in graystone of the handiwork of the builders of colonial days, dating from 1738, with ample apartments, broad hall and staircase, and, in gen-

eral, a fine, old-fashioned air of high hospitalities.

Inside the mansion is housed a collection of antique relics at once rare and curious, gathered by the present master of the manor-house, and including numerous mementos of the vanished Iroquois,—weapons of flint, stone, and copper, necklaces of amber, and others made from the finger bones of captives taken in war, a multitude of pipes or calumets, tomahawks of brass and iron, and a Mohawk totem or charm carved in black dolomite. The assembling of these Indian relics has been, their owner told us, an interesting and easy task, for almost every knoll through this part of the Mohawk valley bears traces of having once been the seat of an Indian village or burial-place. Tokens of their feasts or warfare are constantly turned up by the plough or washed out by the rain; the shoals of the river after every freshet reveal some hammer-stone or spear-head, and their graves contain the objects they most dearly prized, devoted by affection to the memory of their dead.

As the manor-house set over against Cana-

joharie recalls the past played by the Freys in the early history of the Mohawk valley, so another old mansion in the little town of Danube, whence we wheeled from Palatine Bridge along a leafy road which rarely wandered from the river's winding bank, brings to mind the patriotic career and heroic death of sturdy Nicholas Herkimer. The house in which this fine old hero lived and died was erected in 1764, built of Holland brick, three stories high, and in its time merited the title of mansion. The general's dust lies in the burial-ground of his family, a few rods east of the old house, which is yet inhabited. Only a plain marble slab marks the spot, but Herkimer's name is written broad on the face of the country lying between Danube and Oriskany Falls, which we found it easy to cover in a summer afternoon, and which was the theatre of the brilliant and decisive campaign in which he fought and died and won immortal honor.

General Herkimer was born about 1715, his father, a native of the Rhine Palatinates, being the first white settler in the county which now bears his name. The younger

Herkimer early became an officer of militia and saw much hard fighting during the French and Indian War. When the Revolution came he had become one of the best-known and most influential citizens of his province, and his prompt and cordial support of the patriot cause added not a little to its strength in Central New York.

On the other hand, as has already been noted, Sir John Johnson, son and heir of the lord of Johnson Hall, threw in his lot with the royalists, and took refuge in Canada, whence early in 1777 word came that he was planning an invasion of the Mohawk at the head of a horde of Mohawks and Tories, and had sworn to destroy every settlement in the valley. The New York authorities, warned of Sir John's designs, made haste to strengthen the defences of old Fort Stanwix, on the present site of the city of Rome, and to garrison there a force of seven hundred and fifty men, commanded by Colonel Peter Gansevoort and Colonel Marinus Willett.

These preparations were made none too soon, for during the ensuing summer Col-

onel Barry St. Leger, keeping time with Burgoyne's descent upon Northern New York, sailed from Montreal to Oswego, where he formed a junction with the Tories and Indians, who under the lead of Johnson and Joseph Brant, the ablest war chief of the Six Nations, had gathered at that place to the number of thirteen hundred fighting men. From Oswego he started at the head of a force of seventeen hundred men for the Mohawk valley, intending to crush the rebellious elements there, and thence march to meet Burgoyne at Albany. On August 3 St. Leger appeared before Fort Stanwix, which had lately been renamed Fort Schuyler, and his summons to surrender being rejected, at once laid siege to the place.

Meanwhile, General Herkimer had summoned the militia of Tryon County to the defence of the beleaguered garrison, and the morning of the 4th saw nearly a thousand men assembled about Fort Dayton, the appointed place of rendezvous, near the present site of the town of Herkimer. It was a motley gathering, in which sturdy farmers in homespun and leather touched elbows with

fine gentlemen of the county clad in blue and buff, but its every member was mastered by the desire to be brought face to face with the foe. Herkimer, knowing well how the Indians fought, was for making haste slowly in the march upon the enemy, but his followers would listen to no pleas for delay and caution, and in the end the general reluctantly ordered an advance.

The road leading west from Fort Dayton was but a rude path through the wilderness, in many places almost impassable; and despite their hot-headed ardor, the advancing force travelled but slowly. They crossed the river at old Fort Schuyler, now Utica, and encamped the next day some six miles farther on, a little west of the present village of Whitesboro. From this point General Herkimer sent forward an express, of three men, to apprise Colonel Gansevoort of his approach and to concert measures of cooperation. Their arrival at the fort was to be announced by three successive discharges of cannon. The task assigned this trio was a difficult and dangerous one, but they succeeded in reaching the fort late in the fore-

noon of the 6th, and the concerted signals were immediately fired. General Herkimer's intention was to cut an entrance through to the fort, and arrangements for a sally were accordingly made by Colonel Gansevoort, in order to divert the enemy's attention from Herkimer's movements.

However, the old general in forming this plan had calculated without his host. On the morning of the 6th his men, who had been with difficulty persuaded to remain quiet during the preceding day, broke out into something very like mutiny, declaring that the express had in all probability been captured or murdered, and that the same fate was in store for them if they frittered away their time in idle waiting. Their loud complainings alarmed the commander, and hastly summoning a council of his officers, he laid the situation before them. The officers were unanimous in their desire to press forward, and, thoroughly enraged, the stout old general, with flushed face and gleaming eye, at last cried, "March on, then!" Instantly the troops grasped their arms, the camp was struck, and the little army rushed forward.

Meanwhile, Colonel St. Leger, apprised by his scouts of the advance of the militia, had, very early on the morning of the 6th, despatched Brant, with nearly all his Indians and a detachment of Johnson's Tories, with instructions to, if possible, prevent their farther progress. The van of Herkimer's command was hastily descending the steep slope of a ravine, some two miles west of Oriskany, when suddenly the guards, both front and flanks, were shot down, the forest rang with the crack of musketry and the yells of concealed savages, and in a twinkling the greater part of the division found itself hemmed in, as it were, by a circle of fire that mowed down the outer ranks like grass before a scythe.

But the environed militia, after the first shock of surprise had passed, proved themselves able to wrest a victory from what seemed certain defeat. In this they were furnished a magnificent example by their general, who, wounded early in the action, while seeking to rally his men, by a ball which shattered his leg just below the knee, was propped, at his own request, against a

beech-tree half-way up the slope, where he coolly lighted his pipe, and though the bullets were whistling and men falling thick and fast about him, continued to direct the battle, giving his orders as calmly as if on a parade ground.

At last, after several hours of desperate fighting, the Indians, finding their number sadly diminished, and dismayed by the stubborn valor of the Provincials, fled in every direction, followed by cheers and showers of bullets from the surviving patriots. As they fled yelping through the woods the guns of the fort were heard booming in the distance. Dismayed in their turn by this unwelcome sound, the Tories followed their Indian allies, leaving the victorious militia in possession of the hard-earned field.

So ended the battle of Oriskany, one of the most hotly contested and, for the number engaged, the deadliest of the Revolutionary battles. Of the thousand men who marched upon the enemy so confidently on that fatal 6th of August only one-third ever saw their homes again. Between three and

four hundred lay dead upon the field when the sun went down, and nearly as many more were mortally wounded or carried into captivity. General Herkimer was borne in a litter to his house at Danube, where, after lingering in pain for about ten days, he died.

Although the Provincials were victorious at Oriskany, their triumph was a barren one, for they were wholly unable to follow up their advantage or to afford assistance to their beleaguered comrades. St. Leger and his men continued the siege of Fort Schuyler for upward of a fortnight, when, news reaching them of the approach of a relieving army led by Benedict Arnold, regulars and allies joined in a panic-stricken retreat, which ended only when the rabble reached Oneida Lake. Thence St. Leger hastened on to Oswego and Montreal. Compared with the more extensive conflicts of the Revolution, that in defence of Fort Schuyler appears insignificant, but as a struggle, fierce and bloody beyond parallel, and as a heavy blow to the plans and prospects of the crown, it holds, together with its heroes, famous and

nameless, an enduring place in the chronicles of Revolutionary valor.

The thoughtful pilgrim, following the old trail to Fort Schuyler, is sure to turn aside at Utica for a visit to the spot where sturdy and great-hearted Baron Steuben passed the last years of his eventful, wandering life and is buried; and from the battle-field of Oriskany, where a monument, unveiled with appropriate ceremonies some years ago, now commemorates the bravery of Herkimer and his men, it is an easy and pleasant westing, by way of hilly and quiet Petersboro, former home of that stout apostle of freedom, Gerrit Smith, to Cazenovia, leafy nest of the noble and stately Linklaen homestead.

Steuben's grave well deserves a visit if only for the memories it evokes. When death was near the stout old soldier, who at Valley Forge had transformed the disheartened and undisciplined patriot forces into a well-drilled and efficient army, gave directions for his burial. He was living then on the noble stretch of land given him for his services during the Revolution, his home a log house in the woody wilderness,

LINKLAEN MANSION, CAZENOVIA, NEW YORK.

and his only companions the few domestics he had carried with him into his Oneida County solitude.

To these he gave instructions for his interment and the guardianship of his grave. He was to be buried in the woods, in a secluded spot, and the trees were to be left to lie as they fell. So his grave was made in the depth of the forest, and there he lay in solitude for upward of half a century. In 1870, however, the remains of Steuben were taken up and reburied on a wooded knoll about half a mile from the old grave. Here two years later there was erected a monument,—a square pile of masonry, with guns at the corners, pyramids of cannon-balls placed about it, and a marble block above it bearing in raised letters the word "Steuben." The knoll which this tomb crowns is four miles from the village of Remsen. A road runs close by, but it is seldom visited, and seems to share the strange neglect that has fallen upon the memory of the man who was one of the wisest and bravest of the republic's builders.

The old Linklaen mansion and its builder

merit also a passing word. When, following the Revolution, the Holland Land Company, made up of thrifty Amsterdam merchants, purchased from the State of New York one hundred thousand acres of land in the Genesee country, lying in what are now the counties of Chenango and Madison, it sent Jan von Linklaen, a young naval lieutenant of twenty-two, yet prudent and sagacious beyond his years, to take charge of its holdings and found the town of Cazenovia. This he did in 1793, and ere a decade was ended found himself surrounded by a prosperous community in the place where he had elected to make his home. Tradition proves Linklaen to have been much more than a common man. His acquaintance included many of the choicest minds of his time, among them Talleyrand, and his tastes were refined and scholarly, as is evinced by his varied and extensive library. He died suddenly in 1822. The house, which is his most imposing monument, stands at the foot of Lake Cazenovia and commands a sweeping view of that pretty sheet of water. Built in 1806, it is still occupied by his descendants

and promises to easily outlast another century.

It is a long and hard day's journey from Cazenovia to Cooperstown, at the outlet of Otsego Lake, but it carries one through some of the fairest parts of Central New York, and in the present instance furnished a fit conclusion to our journey through the land of the Six Nations, for the noblest monument to the memory of the Iroquois are the romances of Fenimore Cooper, and Cooper dwelt and wrote and died in the town called after his father's name. It is true that the novelist was not born in Cooperstown, but he was carried there when a child in arms, and the village and the region about it were always very dear to him. He wrote a history of the village, entitled "The Chronicles of Cooperstown," in 1838, a slender volume, marred in certain parts by an expression of some of its author's peculiar views and mannerisms, but altogether very interesting. In addition to this, the third novel Cooper wrote, "The Pioneers," which, as he declares in the preface, he wrote "to please himself," was intended to be a description

of frontier life as he saw it in his boyhood days at Cooperstown. The scenes and characters were all real, and apparent through the thin disguise of names and the modifications of a plot.

In middle life, after he had drunk his fill of fame and after his long sojourn in Europe, when he had returned to Cooperstown to pass the remainder of his days, Cooper wrote "The Deerslayer," the scene of which is laid directly on Otsego Lake and around the borders thereof in the year of 1745, at a time when all the country west of Albany was an unbroken wilderness. He had already written three novels of the Leatherstocking series, and in the last of the three, "The Prairie," had brought the life of the old trapper to an end; but, nevertheless, he wished, in spite of the dramatic incongruity, to revivify him and present him in early manhood on his first war-path. This novel Cooper wrote with his heart in his work. He loved the locality, the theme was thoroughly congenial, and the result is a novel powerful and fascinating and of its kind well-nigh perfect. And who to-day recognizes the incongruity

in the order of creation? The Leatherstocking series is now complete. The "Deerslayer" reads indeed almost like a veracious history, and the book seems like a guide to the incidents of the tale.

Cooper made his home in the town his father had founded from the second year of his childhood until he entered literary life at the age of thirty-one. Thereafter he dwelt elsewhere until 1833, when he returned to Cooperstown, and lived there until his death in 1851. Otsego Hall, where for many years he had kept open house, passed into other hands shortly after his death. It was transformed into a hotel, and later was partially burned, falling at last into utter and complete decay. Recently, however, the spacious site of the hall has been converted into a charming little park, which will be known in future as the Cooper Grounds.

Cooper and the other members of his family are buried in the Episcopal church-yard immediately in the rear of this park. The Cooper plot lies in the shadow of the church, a brick structure, with spire and buttresses and long Gothic stained windows. Here

rest the novelist, his father, mother, brother, wife, son, and daughters. His wife came from the old Dutch-Huguenot family of De Lanceys, and, as is well remembered, first induced him to become a maker of books. Cooper's grave is marked only by a plain slab, but a monument to his memory has been erected in the cemetery on the slope of Mount Vision, just beyond the spot made famous by the panther scene in "The Pioneers." This monument, a tall shaft of Italian marble, is surmounted by a figure of Natty Bumpo, who is represented in the act of loading his rifle, with gaze fixed on the waters of the Haunted Lake, and a faithful hound at his side. Thus Cooperstown honors herself by honoring in various ways the name and fame of her most gifted son.

All about the old home of Cooper, now grown into a thriving village, much frequented by summer visitors, are points of interest and great natural beauty. Crossing the stone bridge which spans the Susquehanna just below the outlet, one can continue by a carriage road to Mount Vision.

or, preferably, Prospect Rock, just below it, which commands a noble view of the village, the lake, and the sloping hills on the west side thereof, which Cooper declared resembled English park scenery. The road along the east side of the lake also commands many fine views. Cooper said that well-travelled persons—and he was himself a well-travelled man—declared it to be one of the finest within their knowledge. About a mile from the village a path leads from the road to Leatherstocking Cave, which is half a mile distant in the cliff which faces the upper part of the ridge. The path is steep the latter part of the way, but the cave is well worth a visit. Leatherstocking Falls, on the west side of the lake, is a pretty cascade in a leafy dell, and near the outlet of the Susquehanna is Otsego Rock, which tradition says was formerly a council rock and place of meeting for the Iroquois. It rises out of the water a few feet from the shore and is about the size and shape of a haycock. It derives its chief significance, however, from the fact that it was the place where the Deerslayer met Chingachook, the young chief of

the Delawares, who had come up from the hunting-grounds of his tribe to rescue his intended bride from the Hurons, who held her captive.

The outlet, where the Susquehanna begins its long journey, is another fascinating spot. Cooper, in "The Deerslayer," represents it as well-nigh concealed by overhanging trees, which have now entirely disappeared from the west shore, though there is a margin of shade along the eastern side. It was here that Hutter's lumbering ark, slowly pulled up-stream from its leafy ambush below and about to emerge into the lake, had such a narrow escape from capture by the Indians who had been lying in wait on a huge tree which hung over the lake, and leaping too late as the ark, warned of danger, was hurried beneath, tumbled one after another into the water. There they lie until this day, but they live again in Cooper's pages, and, perhaps, of moonless nights their harmless wraiths come once more to the shores of the Haunted Lake, set down in the heart of the old land of the Six Nations.

# CHAPTER VII

## THE WEST BANK OF THE HUDSON

The west bank is the poor man's side of the Hudson, and such it has been ever since the first white settlers made their homes there. From Albany southward to Kingston, and back to the Catskills, it was settled by the Dutch and a handful of impoverished Huguenots,—farmers and farm laborers who took up small holdings, which have been held by their descendants for upward of two hundred years. It is a country with many school-houses but few churches, and more drug stores than saloons. The wise man rambling through it avoids the more modern hotels to stop at the old Dutch inns, where he will see gray-haired, smooth-shaven hotel clerks, the register on the bar, the floor clean from its morning scrubbing, a dinner at twelve o'clock with two kinds of meat, three kinds of vegetables, and four kinds of dessert, and after dinner can hear the

venerable citizens, standing out on the porch, talk of things that happened during the Revolution, with occasional anecdotes about the French and Indian wars.

The people of the west bank are a slow-going folk. The telegraph and telephone wires pass their doors, but they are not generally used by the old citizens. Neither is the railroad, the construction of which is within the recollection of the children of this generation. They prefer the boats which go from one town to another at intervals to accommodate the inhabitants, and count them good enough to travel by if any one wants a change from driving in a buggy. There is absence of poverty and little crime and few tramps. Tramps prefer the east bank, where the fine country-places are. In the winter when the big ice-houses are being filled there is more of a turbulent element, but that causes little trouble, and comes from the east bank more than the west. Cutting ice along the west bank is the winter work for the farmers who care to piece out their income of the summer. The little graveyards are more frequent than the little villages. The gravestones are close

together under a few trees in the corner of a big field, the way that a brood of chickens cluster in the yard of a house. The graveyards contain the records of the family from the time its founders settled in Ulster County to escape religious persecution at their birthplace or factional disturbances in Albany.

Despite their comparative poverty the people of the west bank have brought forth many strong and brainful men, and have made their share of history,—a fact vividly brought home to the mind of the wayfarer southward bound when he reaches the quaint and beautiful old hamlet of Leeds, four miles back from the town of Catskill and upon the right bank of the river of that name. The low plain on which Leeds stands was once the dwelling-place of a tribe of Algonquin Indians, whose sachems in 1678 sold it, with the surrounding territory, for four miles in every direction, to Marten Van Bergen, justice of the peace and ruling elder in the Dutch church at Albany, and Sylvester Salisbury, captain in the British army and commander of his majesty's forces upon

the Upper Hudson. Neither of these men lived upon the estate thus acquired, but their sons, when grown to manhood, took up their residence on their patrimony, and the houses which they built thereon are still standing, as sound in foundations, walls, and roof-beams as on the day, now nearing two centuries agone, when they were finished.

At first the younger Salisbury and Van Bergen dwelt in a wilderness, but in 1732 some eighty persons had settled on their lands, and thereafter the village had a slow but steady growth. The first care of these settlers, Hollanders and Germans from the Lower Palatinate, was to clear out and plant a few acres and to build houses for themselves and barns for their cattle. These needful tasks finished, their second care was to found a church, of which, in 1753, Dominie Johannes Schuneman became pastor, ministering faithfully to his flock until his death forty years later. Very early in his ministry the dominie won the heart and hand of one of the daughters of rich Marten Van Bergen, and the house, known as the Par-

sonage, in which he dwelt with his bride still stands at the farther side of a fine old orchard in the outskirts of Leeds. Built of gray sandstone, and a story and a half high, a hall on the ground-floor gives access to two rooms on one side and to a larger room on the other. The study of the dominie was the southeastern room. Here he kept his scanty library, wrote his sermons, and received his neighbors when they came to him for friendly gossip or for advice.

During the Revolution Dominie Schuneman was an ardent supporter of the patriot cause. Not content with preaching from his pulpit the high duty of strenuous defence, he became a member of the local Committee of Safety, and made his house a shelter for the soldiers who passed by on their way to the front, and a hospital when they came back sick with fever. The worthy man's enthusiasm aroused the wrath of his Tory neighbors, who would gladly have set the Mohawks upon him, but he went about armed by day and slept at night with his gun by his side, and so escaped harm. Moreover, his congregation were in full sympathy

with his high-wrought patriotism. They were slow-witted men and cautious, but during the Revolution their ardor glowed against Great Britain as two hundred years before that of their ancestors had glowed against Spain and Alva. One in six of the men of Catskill, as Leeds was then called, became soldiers. Some received commissions in the New York line; others enlisting as privates, walked with their muskets upon their shoulders to Fort George and Stillwater; others became scouts upon the Mohawk; and others, through fear of the Iroquois, patrolled the roads along the Kaaterskill and in the valley of the Kiskatom.

Mention has been made of the house built by Francis Salisbury in 1705. After his occupancy there lived in it a man whose life formed a subject for a romance such as Poe would have loved to write. Malevolent and arbitrary, he is said to have so ill-used a bound girl in his service that she fled from the old house, aided, it was supposed, by her lover, a young Dutch settler. Her master rode into the mountains in search of her,

and discovering her at nightfall, tied her to the tail of his horse and started furiously back to Leeds. The horse dashed the girl to pieces on the rocks, and her murderer was arrested and brought to trial. His family united political influence with great wealth, and when he was justly condemned to death they obtained a respite of the sentence. The curious decree of the magistrates was that he should be publicly hung in his ninety-ninth year, and meanwhile he was condemned to wear about his neck a halter, that all might know him to be a murderer doomed to death. From this time forth the criminal lived in seclusion, rarely coming into the village, isolating himself from his fellows, but doggedly wearing his halter, which on certain occasions had to be shown in public. When King George ceased to rule his American colonies the new order of things seems to have swept into oblivion the strange decree of the colonial magistrates, and the hapless owner of the Salisbury House was left to die in his bed; but his singular story affected the neighborhood, as might be expected, with a belief

that the house was haunted, and moving tales used to be told of a spectral horse and rider, with the shrieking figure of a girl flung from it. Leeds's aged people will tell you that in childhood they lived in terror of the spot where the Salisbury House stands, firmly believing that its ghostly occupant, with a halter about his shrivelled neck, could at any moment appear.

In these days, however, the old house wears a peaceful and sunny look, foreign to all that is ghostly and uncanny, yet pleasantly reminiscent of bygone folk and days. Indeed, in and all about Leeds time and nature have touched things with a gentle hand, and the little village, embosomed by hills and dales, remains an almost perfect relic of a past fast becoming too traditional to seem our own. On the other hand, the riverside town four miles to the eastward, now called Catskill, but known in earlier years as the Strand or the Landing, seems to have forgotten its plodding and quiet Dutch founders and has become a bustling and thriving burg, its only reminders of colonial times being a few olden houses,

which seem to regard with stately, high-bred indifference the activity of the noisy town that has grown up around them.

None of these fine specimens of early architecture has a history more romantically interesting than a house at the water's edge. It is built of graystone, with a fine porch and generous entrance and hallway, and its story begins before the Revolution, when Major John Dies, a British officer, married Miss Jane Goelet, and at the same time deserted and "fled" to Catskill, where he spent lavish sums upon the stone mansion still known as "Dies's Folly." Tradition has it that in spite of his gay and reckless life he lived in constant fear of being arrested as a deserter, and at the first appearance of British troops betaking himself to the garret, would hide in a hollow of the chimney-stack, whose existence was known only to his wife, and to which she brought him food and drink in secret until the danger was over. When Madam Dies's father died he left his money in such a way that her husband could not squander it, and so after his death the lady lived in quiet comfort and much dignity of

state, dying at a ripe old age in the last years of the last century. Wandering about the fine rooms of the old house, it is easy to people it with figures of the dashing major's period; for it, like many other famous dwellings in the neighborhood, has suffered little from change. The heavy rafters are untouched, walls and windows remain as of old, and the house itself, although near the town and the varying elements of the shore, seems set in a certain seclusion of its own, and gives a tinge of dignity to its surroundings.

Yet for the sentimental pilgrim lingering in Catskill there is a more winsome interest abiding in a house which stands on a hilly street about a mile from the village, and which was long the home of the most gifted and lovable of our early landscape painters. It was in a golden, glowing October of the early 20's that Thomas Cole, journeying up the Hudson in search of motives for his brush, was taken captive by the beauty of the hills and coves of Catskill, and finding a home and, later, a wife in the village, lived and worked there until his death. The painter's

house stands in a garden full of old-fashioned blossoms and fragrance; its walls of yellow stone show in summer-time against a gorgeous garden of hollyhocks; the gateway is overhung with verdure; and below the ancient garden-beds are the pine woods reaching down, skirted by farm lands to the river. Near the entrance to the upper woods Cole built his first studio, where he worked upon the "Course of Empire" and other pictures belonging to that period; but nearer to the road stands his latest workshop, where the busy hand was arrested midway in his last effort, the "Cross and the World."

Cole, dying at the early age of forty-seven, rests now in the village cemetery at Catskill, and in the old Wilt Wyck burial-ground at Kingston, the next halting-place in our journey southward, is the grave of John Vanderlyn, who in his time filled, like Cole, a large place in the world of art, and than whom no American painter of the first half of the century was the hero of a more brilliant and varied and, one might add, more troubled career. A native of Kingston and a protégé of Aaron Burr, Vanderlyn was

the fellow-student in Rome of Washington Allston; at Paris in 1808 he carried off the first honors of the Salon, and some of the figure pieces which he painted at this period remain the glory of our early art. However, his after-career in America, whence he returned in 1815, was a long disappointment both to Vanderlyn and his friends, for more tactful men elbowed him rudely in an overcrowded field, and neglect and poverty were the constant comrades of his last days.

Singularly touching, when it came, was Vanderlyn's end. One morning in September, 1852, he landed from a Hudson River steamboat in a feeble condition and set out to walk to Kingston. Fatigue quickly overcame him, and he was found sitting by the roadside by a friend, from whom he begged a shilling for the transportation of his trunk, adding that he was sick and penniless. He secured a small back room at an inn in the village, and the friend spoken of went quietly about among a few of his acquaintances with a subscription list for the ailing man's maintenance. Funds for the purpose were

promptly pledged, but they were never needed. A few mornings after his arrival Vanderlyn was found dead in bed. Death, merciful in its summons to the veteran, had come to him while he slept.

Love of his native village seems to have been Vanderlyn's master passion, and there was reason for it. Kingston, with its leaf-embowered streets and its noble old-time air, is one of the most beautiful and restful towns along the Hudson. Founded in 1656 by a band of steadfast and thrifty Hollanders, and called by turns Wilt Wyck, Æsopus, and Kingston, the village when Vanderlyn was born in 1776 had already taken on the dignity and charm of age. Much of its early history centres about its old Dutch church, in the shadow of which Vanderlyn is taking his rest, and the records of which, dating back to 1657, give piquant and amusing glimpses of the customs, manners, and condition of Kingston's first settlers. When the church wanted a bell, the pastor sent word that everybody who had had a child baptized at the church should bring a contribution. The congregation

brought offerings of silver spoons, buttons, buckles, and ornaments of various kinds, which were sent to Holland and melted into the present bell that, now attached to the clock, strikes the hours from the church steeple. Travelling was a serious thing in those days. When Harmanus Meyer, the pastor in 1762, made a trip to Albany, fifty miles away, the congregation held a meeting before he started; the consistory prepared the form of prayers of the congregation "for the special protection of the pastor during his long and perilous journey to Albany," and two elders accompanied him as far as Catskill to protect him. It now takes about an hour to go from Kingston to Albany by rail.

The building, near the centre of the town, in which the congregation at present worship is the fourth that has stood on the same spot. One of its predecessors was burned by the British in 1777, and this fact calls to mind the part played by Kingston during the Revolution. There the convention sat which framed the first constitution of the State of New York; there the new com-

monwealth was organized in the summer of 1777, and there the first Legislature was in session when Forts Clinton and Montgomery fell. When news of that event and the coming of a squadron under Sir James Wallace with several thousand soldiers under General Vaughan reached Kingston, the members of the Legislature fled. They supposed that the then capital of the State would feel most cruelly the strong arm of the enemy; and so it did. The British frigates anchored above Kingston Point, and large detachments of soldiers marching upon the town, laid nearly every house in ashes.

One of the few buildings which escaped in part the torch of the British and Tory was the old Senate House, now the property of the State. Built in 1676, the Senate House was already an old building when the Revolution came. Within its walls John Jay drew the draft of the constitution of the State and the Senate for a time held its sessions. Partly burned by the troops of General Vaughan, it was rebuilt soon afterwards, and occupied for years by men whose names are still remembered beyond the

confines of their own town. Later still it passed into the possession of the State, and, carefully restored, now stands as it did in former days. Its first owner, Wessel Ten Braeck, was a man of wealth and standing, and the house in his time was doubtless considered a building of the most aristocratic proportions, being seventy feet long, and having ceilings two feet higher than those in most houses of the period. Inside of the old building, few changes have been made by the restorer, and there is a delightful air of antiquity about the rooms.

Besides the Senate House, Kingston holds other interesting relics of the Revolution, and all the way south to West Point, by way of Newburgh, New Windsor, and Cornwall, one comes at every turn on moving reminders of the great struggle waged nowhere more fiercely than on the west bank of the Hudson. As the steamboat approaches the wharf at Newburgh, over the broad expanse of the bay of the same name one descries near the southern end of the city a low broad-roofed house, built of stone, with a flagstaff near, and the grounds around gar-

OLD SENATE HOUSE, KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

nished with cannon. That is the famous house built by Colonel Hasbrouck in 1750 and occupied as head-quarters by Washington during one of the most interesting periods of the war and at its close. Then the camp was graced by the presence of Mrs. Washington a greater part of the time and the wives of several of the officers, and until a time remembered by men not yet old the remains of the borders around the beds of a little garden cultivated by Mrs. Washington for amusement might have been seen in front of the mansion, which, now the property of the State, is preserved in the form it bore when Washington left it.

Interest in the building centres, perhaps, in the room, with seven doors and one window, used by the owner for a parlor and by the commander-in-chief for a dining-room, and in which at different times most of the chief officers of the Continental army, native and foreign, and many eminent civilians were entertained by Washington. Half a century after the Revolution a counterfeit of that room was produced in Paris. Lafayette, a short time before his death, was

invited, with the American minister and several of the latter's countrymen, to a banquet given by the old Count de Marbois, secretary to the first French legation in this country during the Revolution. At the hour for the repast the company were led to a room which contrasted strangely in appearance with the splendors of the mansion they were in,—low-boarded, with large projecting beams overhead; a huge fireplace, with a broad-throated chimney; a single small uncurtained window, and numerous small doors, the whole having the appearance of a Dutch or Belgian kitchen. Upon a long rough table was spread a frugal meal, with wine and decanters and bottles and glasses and silver goblets, such as indicated the habits of other times. "Do you know where we are now?" Marbois asked the marquis and the American guests. They paused for a moment, when Lafayette exclaimed, "Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver camp goblets, such as the marshals of France used in my youth. We are at Washington's head-quarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!"

The room thus vividly recalled by Lafayette has, as I have stated, seven doors. The one on the northeast gives access to the former bedroom of Washington; a small room adjoining was his office, and is historic, because at a little desk here, in May, 1782, he wrote the letter declining the crown some of his field officers had planned to confer upon him, the masterly address to his disaffected officers, and finally the pæan of joy and thanksgiving that announced to the army the return of peace. On the west is a door opening into a moderate-sized hall, in which is a stairway leading to the chambers above, and an outer door opening on the grounds on the west. On the south and southwest are doors giving access to the apartments occupied by the Hasbrouck family, and which were in no way connected with Washington's occupancy. The parlor in which Madam Washington received her guests was the northwest room, adjoining the office, and opening into the hall before mentioned.

Following the acquisition of the headquarters by the State in 1849, citizens of

Newburgh and its vicinity began forming here a museum of Revolutionary relics, which in the process of time has become one of the most interesting collections of its kind in existence. The old arm-chair of Washington has resumed its former post in his bedroom; portraits of General and Madam Washington and of Lafayette hang on the walls of the former office; the watch with which Madam Washington timed the coming of her guests is one of the trophies of the dining-room; so also is the battered copper tea-kettle in the fireplace, which once formed a part of the camp equipage of Lafayette; Aaron Burr's sword hangs in its iron scabbard in the southeast room; while a collection of several hundred letters and private papers reveals to the student the whole minutiæ of the Revolution and acquaints him with the secret thoughts and purposes of its leaders.

The printed catalogue of the collection enumerates upward of eight hundred articles. To the lover of Washington the most impressive of these are the letters and papers dealing with what is known as the Gates

conspiracy, in the suppression of which the patriot commander gave shining proof of his almost perfect mastery of men. When the Continental army was about to be disbanded in the spring of 1783 Gates and a few other officers had inflammatory appeals distributed among the troops urging them to demand their pay and get it or overthrow the government. They had fixed a date for a convention of the disaffected elements, and the danger was serious.

The convention was largely attended, and Gates was chosen as its chairman. Before the proceedings had gone far Washington entered, unattended and unannounced, his face wearing a sad and troubled look. He began a short speech, admitting the justice of their claims, and expressing deep sympathy for their sufferings, but appealed to them not to desert their country's cause after covering themselves with scars in its defence; and, above all, not to become the dupes of British intrigues, as the appeals that had aroused them had doubtless been the work of crafty emissaries of England, "eager to disgrace the army they had not been able

to vanquish." He assured them that Congress would do them justice, and took from his pocket a letter to sustain this assurance, which he attempted to read, but could not without putting on his glasses. Slowly raising them, he said, with quiet pathos, "My brothers, I have grown gray in your service, and now I find myself becoming blind." At the conclusion he walked slowly out, but there was no more of the meeting. Those who remained did so only to pass a resolution professing implicit faith in Congress and loyalty to their country.

A few weeks after this incident just related, on April 19, 1783, came the last event of importance in the history of the patriot camp at Newburgh,—the publishing of the proclamation of Congress announcing the cessation of hostilities. Washington had been in receipt of news of peace for some days, but hesitated to publish it to the army lest the troops who had enlisted for the war should consider their engagement filled and demand a discharge. But on the 18th, unable longer to conceal the good news, he issued his orders, directing that the proclamation

of Congress should be published on the 19th, in the presence of the several brigades. By a happy coincidence it was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, fought eight years before. When the day arrived, it was ushered in by salvoes of artillery, and at noon the nine brigades of the army, drawn up on dress parade, received from the lips of their commander-in-chief the news of the war's termination. This gathering, however, was but the precursor of a grand jubilee in honor of peace, which occurred some days later, and which was celebrated by the entire army at Newburgh, Fishkill, West Point, and at all the scattered outposts farther down the river. Early in June the army was removed to West Point, and there, and not at Newburgh, Washington's Farewell Address was read and the war-worn ranks formally disbanded.

Cornwall, four miles below Newburgh, is a growth of the present century, but New Windsor, lying between them, was long the head-quarters of Generals Knox and Greene, and Cornwall itself borrows a lively interest for the wanderer from the fact that it is

closely associated with the closing years of Nathaniel Parker Willis. The house to which he gave the name of Idlewild stands a little way from the village, and is still green to the memory of the poet. Since Willis's death the place has passed in turn into various hands, until now it is the home of a wealthy New York business man.

Here and there in the grounds remains a suggestion of the times of Willis. The pine drive leading to the house, along which the greatest literary lights of the Knickerbocker period passed during its palmy days, still remains intact, the dense growth of the trees only making the road the more picturesque, and the brook by which Willis often sat still runs on through the grounds as of yore, but in the house everything is remodelled and modernized. The room from whose windows Willis was wont to look over the Hudson, and where he did most of his charming writing, is now a bedchamber modern in its every appointment and suggesting its age only by the high ceiling and curious mantel.

Cornwall has other literary memories than those associated with Willis. Only a few

city blocks from Idlewild is the house in which Edward Payson Roe lived and wrote his books and passed away, and the novelist's grave is in the little Presbyterian cemetery of the village, close to the bank of the Hudson,—a spot of exceeding beauty and just the niche in a noble country where a lover of nature should take his rest. Everything about the plot proves that the place is not forgotten. A large block of granite marks the burial-place of the romancer, while on it his name is carved twice, the first, "Edward Payson Roe," as a family record, while the second, "E. P. Roe," at the base of the stone, indicates the public man.

Journeying southward from Cornwall, as the boat nears West Point one descries, in a house set on a rocky promontory jutting out from the bank of the river, another of the literary landmarks of the Hudson. In this house, a low, straggling structure with tiny windows and tinier panes of glass, which tell, even at a distance, of colonial times, Susan Warner lived and did her literary work, work which for the time being made her name a household word throughout the

length and breadth of the land. Few women were more popular in her time, and yet to-day the author of "The Wide, Wide World" is almost forgotten. I thought of this as I stood beside her grave. It is in the military cemetery, close by the Cadet's monument, where she was buried in the spot she herself selected. The grave is kept abloom by the sister of the authoress, Anna Warner, herself a writer. A close affection existed between the Warner sisters, and it is the fragrance of this, and almost only this, that indicates to the visitor at the West Point grave that the author of some of the best-known novels ever written has not entirely passed from memory.

Yet in and about West Point there are not wanting a hundred proofs that the dead are not forgotten. Crowning the summit of Mount Independence, nature's guardian of our national military school, are the gray ruins of Fort Putnam, built under the direction of Kosciusko, and during the Revolution the most important of the military works along the Hudson. On the extremity of the promontory of West Point are the

ruins of Fort Clinton, now sheltering a monument to the memory of Kosciusko; and plainly visible a little way to the northward is the former site of Fort Montgomery, and on a plateau directly across the river stands the Beverley Robinson House, in which Benedict Arnold planned the betrayal of his country.

Forts Clinton and Montgomery and the intervening ground were the theatre of one of the most fiercely contested conflicts of the Revolution. The forts were built to defend the entrance to the Highlands against fleets of the enemy that might ascend the river, for it was known from the beginning that it was the purpose of the British to get possession, if possible, of the valley of the Hudson, and so separate New England from the other colonies. In addition to these forts, a boom and chain were stretched across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose to obstruct navigation. On the 7th of October, 1777, the British general Clinton swept around the towering Donderberg with a part of his army and fell upon the forts, where George and

James Clinton commanded the little garrisons.

It was not an easy task for the enemy to approach the forts through the rugged mountain passes. They had divided, one party, accompanied by Clinton, making their way towards evening between Lake Sinnipink, in the rear of the lower fort, and the river. There they encountered abatis covering a detachment of Americans, and a severe fight ensued, after which both divisions pressed towards the forts and closely invested them, being supported by a heavy cannonade from the British flotilla. The battle raged until nightfall, but finally overwhelming numbers caused the Americans to abandon their works and flee to the mountains. The conflict ended in the breaking of the boom and chain, and the passage up the river of a British squadron with marauding troops, who laid in ashes many a fair homestead belonging to patriots as far north as Livingston's manor, on the lower verge of Columbia County.

Twelve miles south of West Point the steamboat comes abreast of another stirring

Revolutionary landmark, a rocky height advancing far into the river and known as Stony Point. Its capture on the 16th of July, 1779, was one of the most brilliant incidents in the brilliant career of "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Following the loss of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, Washington had projected two works, at Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, as outworks of the mountain passes above. A small but strong fort had been erected at Verplanck's Point and garrisoned by seventy men, and a more important work was in progress at Stony Point when the British, under Clinton, advanced up the Hudson; the men in the unfinished fort abandoned it on the approach of the enemy, and the latter took possession. The garrison on the eastern bank at the same time surrendered to General Vaughan. Sir Henry stationed garrisons in both posts and completed the fortifications at Stony Point.

The chances for success in a night assault upon the Point were talked over at the headquarters of Washington at West Point. General Wayne was then in command of troops in that vicinity. "Can you take the

fort by assault?" Washington asked Wayne. "I'll storm hell, general, if you'll plan it!" was the prompt reply. Washington smiled, and bade him attempt the recapture of the Point, which the British had garrisoned with six hundred men and crowned with strong works, furnished with heavy ordnance, commanding the morass and causeway that connected the Point with the mainland.

On the night of July 15, 1779, a negro of the neighborhood guided Wayne and his men to the Point, and by giving the countersign to the sentinel they were enabled to cross the causeway without alarm. At the foot of the promontory the troops were divided into two columns, for simultaneous attacks on opposite sides of the works. The Americans were close upon the outworks before they were discovered; there was then severe skirmishing at the pickets.

The Americans used only the bayonet, the others discharged their muskets. The reports roused the garrison, and Stony Point was instantly in an uproar. Notwithstanding a tremendous fire of grape-shot and musketry on the assailants, the two columns

forced their way with the bayonet. Colonel Fleury entered the fort and struck the British flag. Major Posey sprang to the ramparts and shouted, "The fort is our own!" Wayne had received a contusion on the head from a musket-ball, and believing it was a death-wound, begged his aides to carry him into the fort that he might die at the head of his column, but he soon recovered his self-possession. The two columns arrived nearly at the same time, met at the centre of the works, and the garrison surrendered at discretion. The American loss was less than a hundred killed and wounded, while of the British more than six times that number were slain and taken prisoners.

With Stony Point left astern, the boat enters the broad expanse of Haverstraw Bay, and touches at the town of the same name, whence a road passes among the hills to the village of Tappan, near which André was tried and executed, and which we had planned to make the last halt in our journey down the west bank of the Hudson. It was the second day after his ill-timed meeting with Arnold at Haverstraw, to arrange

for the surrender of West Point, that André, hurrying southward to New York, was arrested near Tarrytown, and without delay conveyed to Tappan, the head-quarters of the American army. Here, Arnold having meanwhile fled to the British camp, André was tried, condemned as a spy, and two days later put to death. The old graystone Dutch farm-house then used as a prison, in which he passed the last days of his short life, still stands in the outskirts of Tappan, and has lately been restored to its original form. The room in which André spent his waking hours and was visited by Alexander Hamilton and others is in the front of the house. Back of it is a smaller apartment in which he slept, and which has a window looking out to the west, where, tradition has it, he saw them rear the scaffold for his execution. From the house a gentle slope carries one up the hill, where André was hanged at mid-day of October 2, 1780, "reconciled to death, but detesting its mode," and begging those present "to bear witness that he met his death like a brave man." His body was buried at the foot of the gallows, where it

lay until 1821, when, by order of the Duke of York, the British consul at New York caused it to be disinterred and sent to England for final burial near a mural monument which George III. had erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Americans, generous always in their sympathy for the unfortunate, have never forgotten André's dying request. He should have been left to sleep undisturbed in the spot where kindly nature had already claimed him for her own.

END OF VOL. I.

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